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JUNE

1875



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ARTHUR'S Illustrated Home Magazine.

Bright, Cheerful, Progressive, always up to the advancing thought of the times the HOME MAGAZINE takes rank with the leading and most influential periodicals of the day.

1875

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[Prepared expressly for "ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE" by E. BUTTERICK & CO.]

Ladies' and Children's Garments.



3883

Front View.



3883

Back View.

LADIES' WATTEAU WRAPPER.

No. 3883.—This charming pattern can be used sure. Of any material 36 inches wide, $7\frac{1}{2}$ yards will for light worsted, cambric or linen goods, and is in be required to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3906

Front View.

GIRLS' WALKING SKIRT, WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 3906.—The pattern to this jaunty little affair is in 8 sizes for girls from 2 to 9 years of age. To make the garment for a girl 7 years of age, $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3906

Back View.



3871

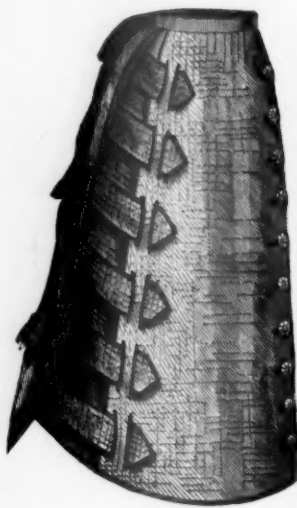
Front View.

LADIES' BASQUE AND DEEP OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3871.—This handsome garment can be made of any suit material, either of plaid as represented, or of plain, or of the two combined, with a very pretty effect. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and its price is 25 cents. To make the over-dress for a lady of medium size, $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary. The garment can be trimmed with the material if preferred.



3871

Back View.

3902

Front View.

LADIES' OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3902.—This stylish pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 9 yards of goods, 27 inches wide, will be required. An exceedingly modish result might be realized if camel's-hair of two shades were employed in the construction of a skirt as illustrated. Silk and vigogne would also make up stylishly, and a pretty caprice would be to cut the front-gore of a light and the remainder of a darker shade of the goods. Price of pattern, 25 cents.



3902

Back View.



3911

Front View.

3911

Back View.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT, SHIRRED AT THE BACK, AND WITH OVER-SKIRT ATTACHED.

No. 3911.—This novel pattern, combining two garments in one, is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure, and costs 35 cents.

To make the garment for a lady of medium size, 13½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be necessary.

LADIES' SLEEVELESS JACKET.



3880

Front View.

No. 3880.—The pattern to this stylish jacket is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and requires 3½ yards of material, 27 inches wide, to make the garment for a lady of medium size. Guipure grenadine, decorated with linen lace and ribbon bows, would result in an elegant promenade wrap, if fashioned after this model. Cashmere, lace or worsted net, with lines of velvet ribbon and bows for ornamentation, would also form a beautiful jacket. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



3880

Back View.



3892

Front View.

3892

Back View.

LADIES' SLEEVELESS JACKET.

No. 3892.—To make this garment for a lady of medium size, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure, and costs 20 cents.



3908

Front View.

3908

Back View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 3908.—To make this pretty little garment for a girl 3 years old, $4\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 6 sizes for girls from 1 to 6 years of age, and costs 20 cents. This beautiful garment is dressy enough for any occasion.



3872

Front View.

3872

Back View.

GIRLS' APRON OVER-SKIRT.

No. 3872.—To make this garment for a little girl six years old, $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. The pattern is in 7 sizes for girls from 3 to 9 years of age, and costs 15 cents. *De bige* would make up prettily by this model, and ruffles of the same piped with silk would form handsome trimming.



3889

Front View.

3889

Back View.

LADIES' SHORT FRENCH BASQUE.

No. 3889.—These engravings represent a pretty pattern that is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches bust measure. To make the garment for a lady of medium size, $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material, 27 inches wide, will be required. Price of pattern, 20 cents.

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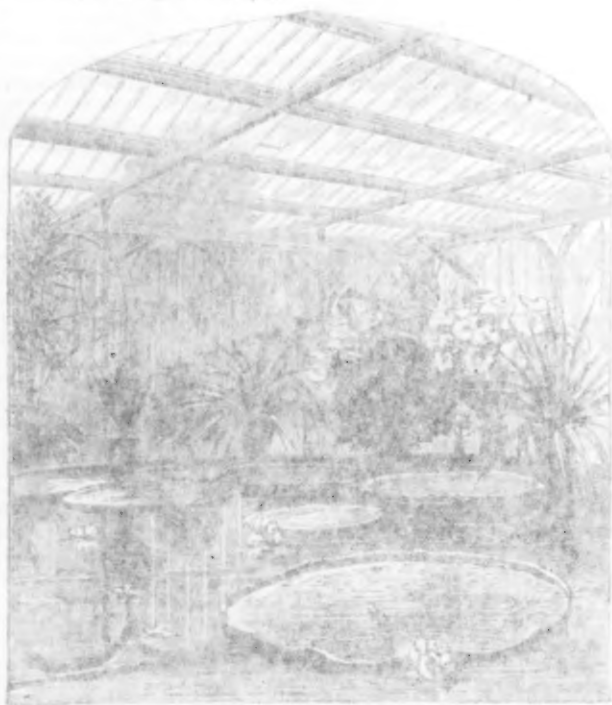
ARTHUR'S ILLUSTRATED HOME MAGAZINE.

Vol. XLIII.

JUNE, 1875.

No. 6.

History, Biography and General Literature.



CHATEAUX: THE VICTORIA REGIA.

THE VICTORIA REGIA.

BY MARION KNIGHT.

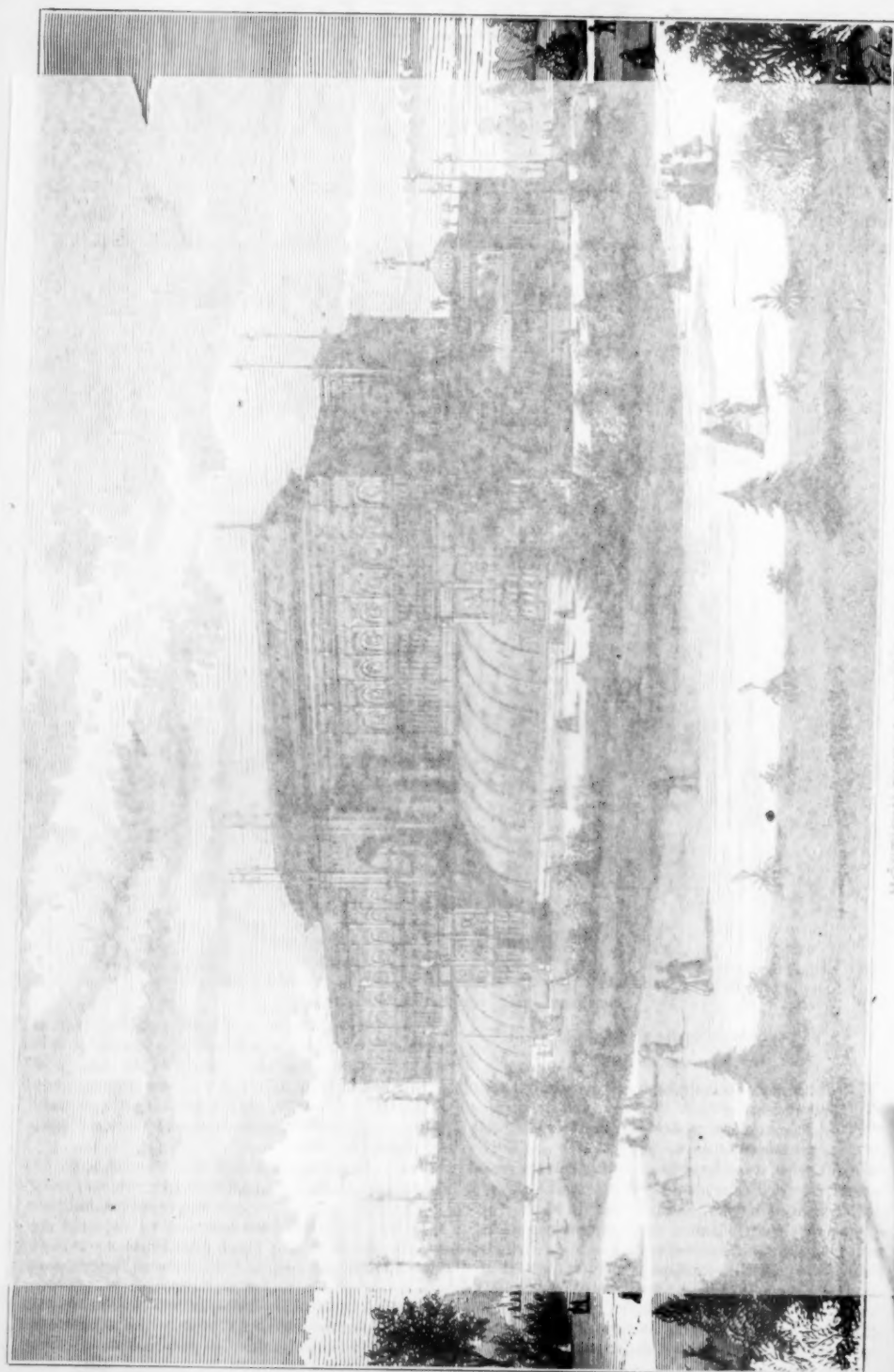
IN the March number of the HOME MAGAZINE appeared an article from my pen, describing the magnificent palace of Chisworth, with its state apartments, its library, picture and sculpture galleries, its extensive grounds, and its grand conservatory. The reader may remember, or if he does not, if he will turn to that number of the magazine, he will find a brief description of this conservatory, and a reference to the Victoria Regia house. In the illustration which stands at the head of this article will be seen a view of the interior of this Victoria Regia house, with the gigantic lily displaying its immensely broad leaves upon the surface of the artificial pond.

VOL. XLIII. -25.

The Victoria Regia is a native of Bolivia, in South America, and was first discovered by D'Osbigny, the traveller. It belongs to the family of the Nymphæaceæ, and bears a strong resemblance to the water-lily with which we are all familiar. The same plant was also discovered by Scouler, in British Guiana.

If any one will pay a visit to a river or pond in his vicinity, during the present summer, and take a look at the water-lilies growing upon its margin; if he will exercise his imagination, until by its aid the leaves of this plant broaden to a width of from three to six feet, and the flowers, sometimes white, sometimes yellow, and again violet, become magnified to a foot in diameter and height, he will have a tolerably accurate idea of the appearance of this wonderful plant. Its perfume is delicious,

(341)



HORTICULTURAL BUILDINGS, LONDON.

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CHATSWORTH: THE VICTORIA REGIA.

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(341)

though perhaps not more so than that of our own native water-lily. Says one writer, in describing this plant, "The large discs of round leaves, from five to six feet in diameter, are so many huge dishes of perfume." The leaf-stalk is below the centre. The leaves are smooth and green above, while on the under side they are reddish, and divided into a great number of compartments by the veins, which project, leaving between them triangular or quadrangular spaces, each filled with air, by means of which the leaves are supported on the surface of the water. There is a rim around the edge of the plant about two inches high, which makes it appear like a large circular tray. So well is the leaf buoyed upon the surface of the water, and so strong are its fibres, that large birds stand and walk upon it, while seeking their prey in the water below.

The following is a description of the blossoms of this aquatic plant, quoted from a traveller: "The calyx consists of four leaves of a brownish red outside and white inside, each six or seven inches long and three inches wide. From these leaves of the calyx a considerable number of petals spread out in a circular and symmetrical form. These are white at first, but become darker first at the centre, and gradually turn to the color of the carnation. In many respects it is very like our water-lily. The petals, which are more than a hundred in number, gradually assume the form of stamens as they approach the central receptacle, which is fleshy, and bears large and farinaceous seeds on the surface." These seeds are inclosed in a spherical fruit, which, when ripe, is as large as an average-sized cocoa-nut. On account of the nutritious character of these seeds, the Spaniards have named this plant "water-maize." The English, more patriotic, have bestowed upon it the name of their queen, "Victoria Regina" or "Victoria Regia."

JOHN RUSKIN.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

LINKED to the name of Turner is that of Ruskin, and only the future can decide which is the greater of the two, that of the artist or of his eulogist. One painted with brush and palette, the other with words, and the pictures of both are alike full of meaning and beauty. Ruskin himself, though accused of arrogance, reverently sits at the feet of Turner, and aspires no higher. But, since Wordsworth, no man ever lived so near the heart of nature as he, or explained more clearly the significance of her teachings. The infinite changes of sky and water, of mountains, trees and rocks, he lovingly notes, tracing in each the working of some spiritual truth, and bringing everything, as he says himself, "to a root in human passion or human hope." His deep religious faith and poetic imagination color the impressions he receives from the external world, and make the very grass beneath his feet an emblem of cheerfulness and humility. To him the lowly mosses and lofty mountain peaks alike reveal God's glory and purposes.

"Meek creatures!" he says of the former, "the first mercy of the earth, veiling with hushed soft-

ness its dintless rocks; creatures full of pity, covering with strange and tender honor the scarred disgrace of ruin—laying quiet finger on the tumbling stones to teach them rest. No words, that I know of will say what these mosses are. None are delicate enough, none perfect enough, none rich enough. * * * Strong in lowliness, they neither blanch in heat nor pine in frost. To them, slow-fingered, constant-hearted, is entrusted the weaving of the dark, eternal tapestries of the hills; to them, slow-pencilled, iris-dyed, the tender framing of their endless imagery. Sharing the stillness of the unimpassioned rock, they share also its endurance; and while the winds of departing spring scatter the white hawthorn blossom like drifted snow, and summer dims on the parched meadow the drooping of its cowslip-gold, far above, among the mountains, the silver lichen-spots rest, star-like, on the stone; and the gathering orange stain upon the edge of yonder western peak reflects the sunsets of a thousand years."

Is it possible to read that passage and not look at mosses forever after with touching interest? Will not its memory color our thoughts, and give us new delight, as we climb the hills, or roam through the woods? Are we to censure a man who can feel and speak like this, even though at times he utter strange extravagances, disheartened and overcome by the materialism of the age amid which his lot is cast? Who knows but his exquisite interpretations of nature are due to that very sensitiveness and peculiar organization which people condemn?

But before vindicating the writer, it would be well, perhaps, to give a few details concerning the man. Most of them I gather from his own writings. He was born in London, 1819, and educated at Christ Church, Oxford. His father was a wine-merchant, and began business without capital. Before laying by anything for himself, he paid off certain ancestral debts. For this, Ruskin says, his best friends called him a fool, and he, the son, has written on the granite slab over his grave, "An entirely honest merchant."

Ruskin says also that his father had a rare love of pictures, and that he "never met with another instance of so innate a faculty for the discernment of true art, up to the point possible without actual practice."

From the time he was five years old, Ruskin used to travel through the country with his father and mother in a post-chaise—a tour partly of business, partly of pleasure—going the rounds of the wine-merchant's customers, and stopping at the noblemen's houses wherever a gallery was to be seen. At that early age, the boy cared little for pictures, but a great deal for castles and ruins, perceiving as he grew older that "it was probably much better to live in a small house and have Warwick Castle to be astonished at, than to live in Warwick Castle and have nothing to be astonished at"—a truth some people never learn.

In the third volume of "Modern Painters," he has described the emotions with which he first looked upon nature. It is a beautiful passage, and I should like to quote it entire. But space forbids, and I can only give an extract.

"In such journeyings," he writes, referring to those mentioned, "whenever they brought me near hills, and in all mountain ground and scenery, I had a pleasure as early as I can remember, and continuing till I was eighteen or twenty, infinitely greater than has since been possible to me in anything; comparable in intensity only to the joy of a lover in being near a noble and kind mistress, but no more explicable or definable than that feeling of love itself. * * * Although there was no definite religious sentiment mingled with it, there was a continual perception of sanctity in the whole of nature, from the slightest thing to the vastest—an instinctive awe, mixed with delight; an indefinable thrill, such as we sometimes imagine to indicate the presence of a disembodied spirit. I could only feel this perfectly when I was alone; and then it would often make me shiver from head to foot with the joy and fear of it, when, after being some time away from the hills, I first got to the shore of a mountain river, where the brown water circled among the pebbles, or when I saw the first swell of distant land upon the sunset, or the first low, broken wall covered with moss. * * * These feelings remained in their full intensity till I was eighteen or twenty, and then, as the reflective and practical power increased, faded gradually away in the manner described by Wordsworth in his 'Intimations of Immortality.'"

To his mother, Ruskin's writings owe much of their spiritual earnestness and beauty. She taught her son the Bible, made him learn long chapters of it by heart, and read it through, aloud, hard names and all, once a year. He thus acquired a thorough knowledge of the book, a taste in literature, and a certain power of taking pains. "Once knowing," he says, "the 32d of Deuteronomy, the 119th Psalm, the 15th of first Corinthians, the Sermon on the Mount, and most of the Apocalypse, every syllable by heart, and having always a way of thinking with myself what words meant, it was not possible for me, even in the foolishlest times of youth, to write entirely superficial or formal English."

Besides the Bible, his only reading as a child was Walter Scott's novels, Pope's translation of the "Iliad," "Robinson Crusoe," and the "Pilgrim's Progress." His mother had it in her heart to make him an evangelical clergyman, and might have done so but for an aunt who was still more evangelical, and gave him cold mutton for his Sunday's dinner. Not liking that, he didn't favor the project, and the end of it was that he got all the "noble, imaginative teaching of Defoe and Bunyan," yet didn't become an evangelical clergyman.

There is little else to be told of his personal history. His marriage, like that of so many literary men, proved unhappy. It was legally dissolved, and Mrs. Ruskin afterward became the wife of Millais, the great English artist. No reason was assigned for the separation save uncongeniality.

Of poverty Ruskin knows nothing practically. An only child, he inherited all his father's wealth, and has thus been enabled to write independently of publisher or critics. Part of his life has been

spent in travel; his works show with what result. Evoked by him, pictures of Swiss and Italian scenery rise before the inner vision, linked forever with noble emotions and deep moral significance.

He was a young man, twenty-four years old, when he made his first literary venture in a volume entitled, "Modern Painters (Parts 1 and 2), their Superiority in the Art of Landscape Painting to all the Ancient Masters, by a Graduate of Oxford." Only the first part of the title was retained in subsequent editions.

Never did book create a profounder sensation. Suddenly, and without warning, it struck a powerful blow at the public opinion of the day. No wonder the critics raised their voices in angry protest. Here was an attack directed against certain established beliefs and prejudices; here was a bold denunciation of Claude, Salvator Rosa, Gaspar Poussin, and other old masters, who were thought to possess the entire secret of landscape painting. Canons of criticism in art that had been accepted for years, were defied and overthrown by this young radical; he tore aside the veil of conventionality that had blinded men's eyes, and turned their thoughts from the worship of past to the appreciation of present greatness.

"Let us not forget," he writes, "that if honor be for the dead, gratitude can only be for the living. He who has once stood beside the grave, to look back upon the companionship which has been forever closed, feeling how impotent *there* are the wild love, and the keen sorrow, to give one instant's pleasure to the pulseless heart, or atone in the lowest measure to the departed spirit for the hour of unkindness, will scarcely for the future incur that debt to the heart which can only be discharged to the dust. But the lesson which men receive as individuals they do not learn as nations. Again and again they have seen their noblest descend into the grave, and have thought it enough to garland the tombstone when they have not crowned the brow, and to pay the honor to the ashes which they had denied to the spirit. Let it not displease them that they are bidden, amidst the tumult and the dazzle of their busy life, to listen for the few voices, and watch for the few lamps, which God has toned and lighted to charm and to guide them, that they may not learn their sweetness by their silence, nor their light by their decay."

There was an interval of seventeen years between the publication of the first and the last volume of "Modern Painters." Most of this time was spent by Ruskin in faithful study and investigation, that he might learn the truth respecting art, and be able to judge of it rightly. The whole work includes five volumes in all, representing every phase of artistic development from that of the young student to the mature and ripened judgment of age. So written, it was impossible that there should not be inconsistencies between certain portions, for "all true opinions," as the author himself says, "are living, and show their life by being capable of nourishment; therefore of changes." No man can be certain of reaching final truth.

But from his main purpose Ruskin has never swerved, testing all works of art by their concurrence with, or subjection to, those of God, and making clear from beginning to end that what is best and noblest in art, is best and noblest in morals. And is he not right? Has any great work ever been done—work that was to last through the ages—except by one sincere, truthful and humble? Thought must first be turned from selfish contemplation before it can soar into the spaces of infinity; genius is only grand when unconscious. There must be an inward life reaching up toward love and purity in its perfectness, or human achievement, however glorious, will lack vitality, and its very memory perish.

Strange doctrine of materialism! Who can but shudder at what it would prove? We are to look at the clouds, and see only their gold, and scarlet, and vermilion—nothing more. We are to wander through the woods, and note the fitful play of light and shade between the leaves, and their beautiful arrangement—nothing more. We are to ascend the mountains with eyes blind to "their gates of rock, pavements of cloud, choirs of stream and stone, altars of snow, and vaults of purple traversed by the continual stars." Epithets, as applied to nature, can no longer be used. For who would ascribe steadfastness to the pine, humility to the violet, or rage to the torrent, if no invisible power were manifest in their existence? Invisible! Why, the world itself is ruled by things unseen, not seen. Thought furnishes its motive force, and spirit is everywhere triumphant over matter.

What, then, is materialism? Let those who understand answer.

That Ruskin should be criticised by advocates of this doctrine, was the natural consequence of his peculiar teaching. But that any who are not materialists should complain that he gives to art a moral responsibility, not justly its own, is a phenomenon difficult to understand. What is Art but the pursuit of Beauty, and what is Beauty but the emanation of Divinity? Can the painter, the poet, the sculptor or the musician reach supreme excellence without faith in things spiritual? He is ever the greatest who, knowing good from evil, seizes the one and rejects the other.

Never was this more clearly demonstrated than in the writings of Ruskin. He shows us Religion linked hand in hand with Nature and Art—three radiant figures standing out clear in the light of God. To the visible forms of things, he adds an inner meaning, and makes their laws of growth and change typical of that Divine dispensation under which we, too, live. Truth and beauty, he teaches, are only to be attained by a faithful study of nature; it is reality we want, not vague imaginings. And so earnestly does he feel all this, and so eloquent and effective are the words in which he expresses it, that he thrills the heart, and compels instant sympathy.

Considered merely as a writer and word-painter, he takes high rank. In the long, musical swell of his sentences, and in a certain tendency to digression, he reminds us of De Quincey, but his style is due rather to innate faculty than to modifying in-

fluences. He mentions Wordsworth, Carlyle and Helps as the modern writers to whom he owes most, and thinks that his constant study of Carlyle must have colored his language as well as his thought. But this is never observable; Carlyle and he resemble each other in their hatred of falsehood, their powers of description, and perhaps in a certain quaint flavor of humor, but no farther.

Ruskin's style is distinctively his own. Such power has he over words, and such precision in using them, that he can bring out the minutest facts of nature, and make us see the sunbeams dancing on the leaves, the sea-waves breaking into foam, and the very wreathing of the mist, and waving cloud-sentinels along the mountains. Scattered through his writings are hundreds of illustrative passages; I content myself with one. It is the description of sunlight after storm, in Italy, near Rome.

"The noonday sun came slanting down the rocky slopes of La Riecia, and their masses of entangled and tall foliage, whose autumnal tints were mixed with the wet verdure of a thousand evergreens, were penetrated with it as with rain. I cannot call it color, it was conflagration. Purple, and crimson, and scarlet, like the curtains of God's tabernacle, the rejoicing trees sank into the valley in showers of light, every separate leaf quivering with buoyant and burning life; each as it turned to reflect or transmit the sunbeam, first a torch and then an emerald. Far up into the recesses of the valley, the green vistas arched like the hollows of mighty waves of some crystalline sea, with the arbutus flowers dashed along their flanks for foam, and silver flakes of orange spray tossed into the air around them, breaking over the gray walls of rock into a thousand separate stars, fading and kindling alternately as the weak wind lifted and let them fall. Every blade of grass burned like the golden floor of heaven, opening in sudden gleams as the foliage broke and closed above it, as sheet-lightning opens in a cloud at sunset; the motionless masses of dark rock—dark though flushed with scarlet lichen, casting their quiet shadows across its restless radiance, the fountain underneath them filling its marble hollow with blue mist and fitful sound; and over all, the multitudinous bars of amber and rose, the sacred clouds that have no darkness, and only exist to illumine, were seen in fathomless intervals, between the solemn and orb'd repose of the stone pines, passing to lose themselves in the last, white, blending lustre of the measureless line where the Campagna melted into the blaze of the sea."

Ruskin has been accused of verbiage, and his word-painting has been called an easy matter. Analyze that passage, clause by clause, and you will think differently. Find an epithet, if you can, that does not state some fact, or define some quality. Notice their delicate truthfulness and precision, each one fitting into its place and harmonizing with the whole.

Soon after the appearance of Ruskin's first work, a new school of painting sprang up in England, the result mainly of his teaching. It raised the standard of revolt against a certain conventionalism in art dating from the time of Raphael, and

was therefore called Pre-Raphaelitism. From its adherents it demanded uncompromising realism, and faithfulness to nature in her minutest details.

The critics combined their forces against this school as they had before done against Ruskin. How dared one use his eyes, and paint what he *really* saw instead of that which tradition declared he *ought* to see? And how came it that Ruskin should come forward as their champion—he who had given boundless admiration to Turner, and so ridiculed the Dutch painters. Let his own words tell.

"From young artists," says he, "nothing ought to be tolerated but simple *bond fide* imitation of nature. * * * They should keep to quiet colors, grays and browns; and should go to nature with all singleness of heart, and walk with her laboriously and trustingly, having no other thoughts but how best to penetrate her meaning, and remember her instruction; rejecting nothing, selecting nothing, and scorning nothing; believing all things to be right and good, and rejoicing always in the truth. Then, when their memories are stored, and their imaginations fed, and their hands firm, let them take up the scarlet and the gold, give the reins to their fancy, and show us what their heads are made of. We will follow them wherever they choose to lead; we will check at nothing; they are then our masters, and are fit to be so. They have placed themselves above our criticism, and we will listen to their words in all faith and humility; but not unless they themselves have before bowed, in the same submission, to a higher Authority and Master."

Ruskin's meaning seems clear, yet it has been strangely misunderstood. Readers do not always discriminate between the two points of view from which he looks at painting, prizing it first for technical excellence, but above all for the poetic thought it embodies. One thing only he condemns utterly—mediocrity putting on the guise of genius. Conventional rules cannot make a painter, nor the study of prosody a poet. Pre-Raphaelite or otherwise, the painter in whose work he discerns want of feeling and absence of thought, falls at once under his rebuke. Art has to do with creation, not manufacture, if she would keep the heavenly lustre of her robes, and not trail them in the mire.

Besides "Modern Painters," Ruskin has written other works, no less eloquent and beautiful. The "Stones of Venice" are full of grand pictures and stimulating thought. In "Sesame and Lilies" he speaks of books and women, with a true appreciation of what is best in both, crowning the latter queens of their households and of the world. "The Ethics of the Dust" is a beautiful study of crystals and their formation, applying the facts of inanimate to human nature. "Unto this Last," is a treatise on political economy—a work that has been more ridiculed and maligned than any of his others. And it cannot be denied that its arguments are often illogical, and its conclusions unjust. But what gives it worth are the blows aimed against the selfish materialism of the age, and its utter abhorrence of that covetous spirit which is

the Nemesis of modern society. Others may compromise with the evil—Ruskin, never.

But what is to be done? This much, as he declares in "Fors Clavigera," a series of monthly letters to the workmen and laborers of Great Britain. He engages to give one-tenth of his yearly income toward the founding of a community, to be called the "St. George's Company." Whatever land is purchased shall be cultivated by its members "with their own hands and such help of force as they can find in wind and wave;" there shall be no railroads or steam-engines on it, "no untended or unthought-of creatures." The laborers shall be paid fixed wages, and their children educated compulsorily, one condition of such education being that the boys shall learn either to ride or to sail, and the girls to spin, weave and sew, and "cook all ordinary food exquisitely." They shall also be taught vocal music, Latin, and the history of five cities—Athens, Rome, Venice, Florence and London. Gentleness to brutes, courtesy to each other, rigid truth-speaking and instant obedience, shall constitute part of their moral training. Leading pure and simple lives, they will possess the first condition necessary to the cultivation of art, and little by little it will spring up among them and reach upward.

Land has been already purchased, and the experiment is to be tried—with what result awaits to be seen. Others rail at social abuses, but Ruskin seeks out a remedy, and his scheme, even though impracticable, is consistent with the spirit in which he denounces modern crime and folly. It cannot be denied that he views these evils with exaggerated feeling, and utters, at times, strange paradoxes and incoherences that lead people to undervalue the strength of his teaching, and dwell rather on its weakness. But in judging Ruskin, one must take into account the peculiar character of his genius, his constitutional irritability, his deep religious fervor and exquisite sense of the beautiful, whether in art or nature. Then picture him battling with a world, full of meanness and hypocrisy, outraged at every turn by external ugliness, wounded by doubt and disbelief, and unable to see even the faint light that illumines this darkness.

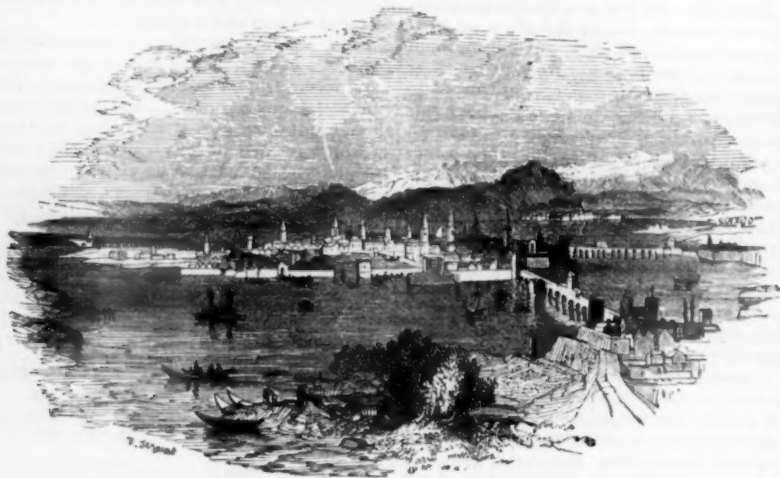
Let us not cease to be grateful, even though, as the years pass, he grows more bitter and misanthropic, and fulminates strange anathemas against this modern life of ours, and its countless inventions, ascribing to the last the greater part of our sin and wretchedness. Remember not his faults, but rather the unselfishness and purity of his character, and his earnest love for all that is truly good and great. Think of that beautiful home on Denmark Hill, in the London suburbs, filled with exquisite works of art, yet unable to give peace and content to the heart of its owner. For he cannot shut out the mournful cries that reach him from the outside world; he cannot rest in apathetic unconcern while men, created in the image of God, go down to the grave like brutes. He may err in judgment, and talk unreasonably, but his protests are not without a meaning that we should do well to heed. Were it not for a few bold spirits like his, stemming the tide of falsehood and corruption,

and guiding men's thoughts from material interests to spiritual, who knows whither we should drift in this unbelieving, money-making age?

One extract more, and I am done. Ruskin is speaking of Turner, but think over the words, and ponder them carefully.

"Love and trust," he writes, "are the only mother-milk of any man's soul: So far as he is hated and mistrusted, his powers are destroyed. * * * No man can serve you either for purse or curse; neither kind of pay will answer. No pay is, indeed, receivable by any true man; but power is receivable by him, in the love and faith you give him. So far only as you give him these can he serve you; that is the meaning of the question which his Master asks always, 'Believest thou that I am able?' And from every one of His servants to the end of time—if you give them the Capernaum measure of faith, you shall have from them Capernaum measure of works, and no more. * * * As the flower is gnawed by frost, so every human heart is gnawed by faithlessness. And as surely, as irrevocably, as the fruit-bud falls before the east wind, so fails the power of the kindest human heart, if you meet it with poison."

The immediate neighborhood of Mantua presents few attractions to the lover of the beautiful in nature. Nevertheless, the city itself possesses many objects of interest in its ancient buildings and works of art. The immense bridges, six in number, which connect it with the main land, form a striking feature in the general view. Of these bridges, the largest and most imposing is the Ponte di San Giorgio, which, crossing the entire lake, is two thousand, five hundred feet in length, and dates from the fourteenth century. A portion of Mantua, which the visitor is expected to admire, lies in the neighborhood of the Piazza Virgiliana—a large square surrounded by trees, with the lake in front. One of the most important buildings to be noticed, as being a relic of the still visible ancient splendor of Mantua, is the *Castella di Corte*. It is a huge edifice, with noble towers, which, however, are greatly decayed and battered, bearing witness to the many misfortunes, by battle and siege, which the city has sustained. Built originally as a palace by a member of the celebrated Gonzago family, it is now used partly as a prison, and in part for public offices. The once grand, but now deserted imperial palace, with its five



MANTUA.

BY E. J. N. SAMMLER.

MANTUA, a strongly fortified city of Lombardy, with a population of some thirty thousand inhabitants, is justly accounted one of the bulwarks of Italy. It is also celebrated as the birthplace of Virgil; though, in fact, the great Roman poet was born at Andes, a little village two miles distant, where a palace was built by one of the Gonzagas, and from him received the title of Virgiliano. Mantua lies some twenty miles a little to the south-east of Verona. Its situation is unique, it being built upon two flat pieces of land, between which flows the river Mincio. Surrounded by lakes, some of which are natural, others artificial, being formed by damming up the waters of the river, it is by no means remarkable as a healthy location.

hundred rooms, and its innumerable frescoes by the old masters, is another one of the sights of Mantua. The floor of this building is of porcelain.

The churches of Mantua are also very imposing structures, rich in works of art, and in monuments of antiquity.

The central part of Mantua shows signs of considerable commercial activity, but the outskirts are exceedingly quiet. Among the public enterprises of the city are an academy of fine arts, a public library, containing nearly a hundred thousand volumes, a lyceum, a gymnasium, a workhouse, two orphan asylums, a botanic garden and many other scientific and industrial institutions.

Mantua is a very ancient city, older, it is said, even than Rome. During the days of her prosperity, when under the government of her own dukes, the city was celebrated as a manufacturing centre, and had a population of fifty thousand.

PLEURS.

IN the public library at Zurich, there is a book, published more than seventy years ago, on the destruction of Alpine villages, from which the following account, of the comparatively unheard-of City of Pleurs, is obtained. In a charming situation on the River Maira, a few miles before it flows into Lake Como, and but little distance south of the Swiss border by the Splügen Pass, lies the City of Chiavenna. An hour's walk from there toward the Pass of Maloggia, eastward, up the beautiful bank of the Maira, brings one to a place where a greater number of human beings were once buried alive than anywhere else known in the world. Even in Pompeii, as is supposed, less than a thousand people were overtaken by the fiery deluge from Vesuvius. But here three times that number were overwhelmed, with all their signs of life and civilization. And all were buried forever. There has never been any excavation at this place. They were a prosperous and happy people. It was one of the gayest, richest, most pleasure-loving little cities of Lombardy. Hanging above it was a mountain four thousand feet high: not very high for that region, but much too high for the safety of the inhabitants. It was called Monte Conte: the half of it which still stands, with one side abrupt and perpendicular, is still known by the same name. On the night of the fourteenth of September, 1618, it split in two from base to apex, and half of it lies a wide spread grave-mound over the deeply-buried little city. This terrible avalanche was so instantaneous; it closed in the extreme outside houses so entirely; it was so complete and overwhelming, that it was impossible to discover the least vestige of Pleurs remaining.

The substance that fell upon it was a mountain-side forest, and an immense depth of broken rock and earth. Enormous blocks of rock, some sixty feet thick are heaped in the most frightful confusion. Below the valley is wooded without sign of habitation, perhaps, because another suspiciously-steep mountain is there; but a mile or two beyond that are farms. Other mountains twice as high are to be seen in picturesque peaks and outlines; and on the opposite side of the Maira is one of the most beautiful cascades in the world, probably, entirely unheard of in books, or in travel. It falls over a succession of ledges in four broad, thin sheets, each sixty to one hundred feet wide and about as deep. To the few who have heard of Pleurs, and turn aside from going down into Italy from the Splügen Pass, to view this place, it cannot fail to be highly interesting..

This city was called Pleurs, or the Town of Tears, because, strange as it may seem, it was situated upon the broad earthy tomb of another village, which had itself been overwhelmed by a like catastrophe. But that was many hundred years earlier, yet the fact is well known. The mountain from which that ancient avalanche slid away displays the ruin wrought upon it more distinctly than Mount Conte, which overwhelmed Pleurs. As that mountain did not leave a surface of earth, that could become converted into soil and spring into vegetation, but its steep, towering wall is a mass of broken, flaky rock, in thin horizontal

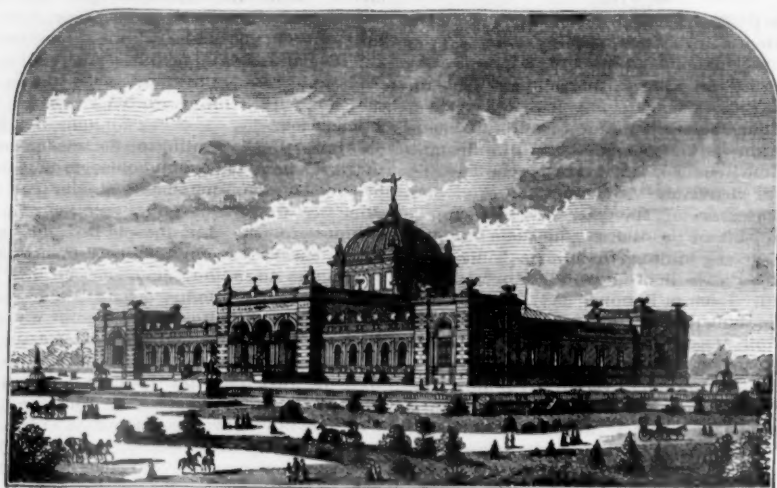
layers. While the restorative powers of nature have caused vegetation to cover Mount Conte, both the steep cleft side of the half mountain that stands and the half that lies prostrate. A straggling forest of chestnut trees, in the more earthy places, covers the site, with clumps of whortleberry bushes among the rocks. It seems singular, that in those old times—the beginning of the seventeenth century—rich gentlemen and nobles, fashionable people and successful merchants, should have had the same way we have of going with their families to summer resorts. But the old Romans, we well know, had their country villas. Cicero speaks of retiring to his suburban abode—to his "books, and tablets, and literary leisure;" and, perhaps, we have very little that is new in our ways of life. Well recorded facts show that at the time when Pleurs was destroyed, a few hundred more people were in town than the resident population, and they were summer visitors. A party from Milan went down to Chiavenna a few days before, and on account of very rainy weather, remained there till the afternoon before the avalanche occurred. That being a pleasant day they set out to go to Pleurs. On approaching the town, they were alarmed at seeing several slides of gravel and rocks, and finding that some of the vineyards had been buried, most of them returned to Chiavenna, but some kept on. At Chiavenna, the people wondered, the next morning, at what had become of their river, for the Maira was dry. The mountain had fallen across the valley, and the city of Pleurs, with the out-lying village of Celano, had disappeared forever. There was a very old stone cathedral in Pleurs, rich in plate and sacred ornaments. Also two or three nobles' palaces. Its destruction spread mourning and terror through the region of Northern Italy. C.

Dunellen, New Jersey.

THE SPRINGTIME.

BY S. D.

IN the beautiful, budding springtime,
The violets sweet and white,
Peeped forth from their emerald leaflets,
Like forgotten snow-flakes white.
They scented the April breezes,
And swayed the young, green leaves
Of the grand, old weeping willow,
Which drooped o'er the moss-grown caves.
From the dark-brown mold sprung the crocus,
While away in the forest deep,
The forget-me-not and spring beauty,
Awoke from their long, dark sleep;
They sprang from cold earth's bosom,
The nodding ferns to greet;
Smiled at the wax-blossomed wind-flower,
And welcomed the daisies sweet.
They lifted their fragrant petals,
Kissed by the sun and showers;
To list to the ring-dove's cooing,
Through the long, bright, happy hours.
O Spring! thou art whispering ever,
Of the grander life to come—
By all thy growing seeds and buds
And thy leaflets green and young.



MEMORIAL HALL.

THE BUILDINGS OF THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

THE construction of the buildings for the International Exhibition at Fairmount Park, is progressing with satisfactory rapidity. There is no fear expressed of their incompleteness at the opening of the exhibition, on the 10th of May, 1876. The principal of these buildings are the Main Building, the Art Gallery, the Machinery Hall, the Agricultural and Horticultural Halls. There will be required, in addition to these buildings, a number of smaller structures, which will be erected during the present season.

When one considers the vast undertaking of building these extensive structures, which cover in the aggregate a surface of about forty acres, and is still further reminded that the grading of the ground of the Park preparatory to their erection was not commenced until July, 1874, the progress made will be found to be indeed wonderful.

The Main Exhibition Building is in the form of a parallelogram, one thousand, eight hundred and eighty feet in length, and four hundred and sixty-four feet in width. It extends east and west. The main entrance will be on the north side, and will lead directly to the Art Gallery, which stands at a distance of three hundred feet. The east entrance will form the principal approach for carriages, visitors being allowed to alight at the doors of the building under cover of the arcade. The south entrance will be the principal approach for street cars, the ticket offices being located upon the line of Elm Avenue, with covered ways provided for entrance into the building itself. The west entrance gives the main passage-way into the Machinery and Agricultural Halls.

The superstructure is composed of wrought-iron columns, which support wrought-iron roof trusses. The sides of the building for the height of seven feet from the ground are to be finished with tim-

ber framed in panels between the columns, and above the seven feet with glazed sash.

There will be a central avenue or nave through the building, one hundred and twenty feet in width, and one thousand eight hundred and thirty-two feet in length. On each side are parallel avenues of equal length and one hundred feet in width; while between the nave and side avenues are aisles forty-eight feet wide, and on the outer sides of the building are smaller aisles twenty-four feet in width. There are to be three transepts through the centre of the building, the central one one hundred and twenty feet in width, and the side ones one hundred feet. All the other cross aisles will vary from ten to forty-eight feet in width.

The Art Gallery is to be a magnificent structure located on a line parallel with and northward of the Main Exhibition Building. It is situated on the Lansdowne Plateau, and overlooks the city. It is elevated on a terrace six feet above the general level of the plateau, the plateau itself being one hundred and sixteen feet above the Schuylkill River.

The architecture of this gallery is in the modern Renaissance. The materials are granite, glass and iron. No wood will be used in the construction, and the building will be thoroughly fire-proof. This building is intended to remain as a permanent feature of Fairmount Park after the close of the exhibition.

The main front of the Art Gallery will face the Main Exhibition Building. It will display in the centre an entrance consisting of three colossal arched doorways of equal dimensions. There will be a pavilion at each end, while between the pavilions and the entrance are arcades, constructed to conceal the long walls of the gallery. These arcades will each consist of five groined arches, and will form promenades looking outward over the grounds and inward over open gardens,

which will extend back to the main wall of the building. The garden plats within the arcades are each to be ninety feet long and thirty-six feet deep, to be ornamented in the centre with fountains, and designed for the display of statuary.

The rear or north front is to be similar to the main front, but in place of the arcade will be a series of arched windows. There will be a pavilion at each corner of the building, and the walls between on the east and west sides are to be relieved by five niches designed for statues.

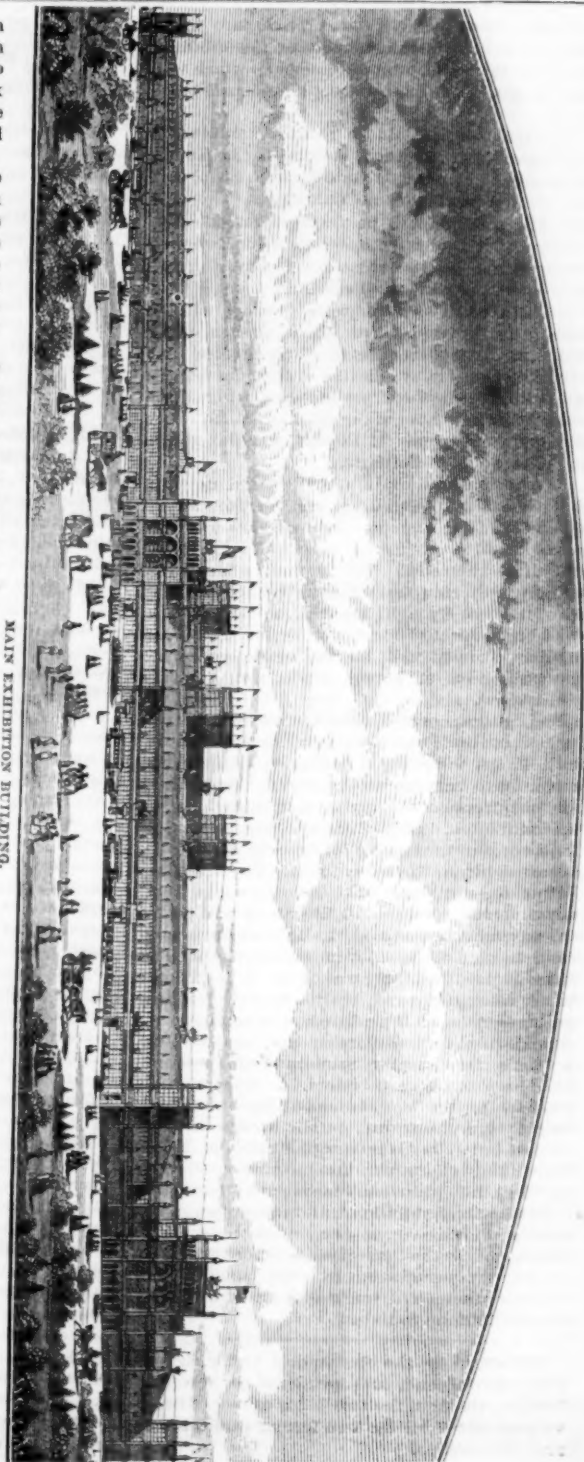
It is impossible in the limits of this article to explain the general interior arrangement of this building. It is sufficient to say that the space furnished for paintings and statuary will be ample, and the whole building, in both internal arrangement and external finish, a structure of which, considered as a national art gallery, we may be proud.

The Machinery Building is located at a distance of five hundred and forty-two feet from the west front of the Main Exhibition Building, the north front of the former being upon the same line as that of the latter.

The building consists of the main hall, three hundred and sixty feet wide by one thousand four hundred and two feet long, and an annex on the south side of two hundred and eight by two hundred and ten feet. The entire area covered by the building is nearly thirteen acres.

The Horticultural Building is intended, like the Art Gallery, to remain a permanent feature of the Park. It is located on the Lansdowne terrace, a short distance north of the Main Building and Art Gallery, and has a commanding view of the Schuylkill River, and the northwestern portion of the city. The principal materials of which it is to be built are glass and iron. The length of the building is three hundred and eighty-three feet, width one hundred and ninety-three feet, and height to the top of the lantern seventy-two feet.

There will be a large central conservatory; and on the north and south sides of this principal room are to be four forcing houses for the propagation of young plants, covered with curved roof of iron and glass. Besides these rooms, there are to be vestibules, restaurants,



MAIN EXHIBITION BUILDING.

reception-rooms, offices, etc. There are to be galleries both inside and outside of the building, and upon the roof a grand promenade, which will have an area of one thousand eight hundred square yards.

Near this principal building will be a number of other structures, such as a Victoria Regia House, Domestic and Tropical Orchard Houses, a Grapery, and similar horticultural buildings. The surrounding grounds will be arranged for out-door planting, and, under the auspices of the National Horticultural Society, organized for the purpose of co-operating with the Centennial Commission, it is expected that an imposing display will be made. It is proposed to plant, among other things, representative trees of all parts of the continent, so that side by side the visitor may see the full variety of the forest products and fruits of the country, from the firs of the extreme North to the oranges and bananas of Florida, and the grapes and other fruits of California.

The Agricultural Building will stand north of the Horticultural Building, and on the eastern side of Belmont Avenue. Its materials are to be of wood and glass. It will consist of a long nave and three transepts. The ground plan of the building will be a parallelogram of five hundred and forty feet by eight hundred and twenty feet, covering a space of above ten acres. In its immediate vicinity will be the stock yards, for the exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, poultry, etc.

The International Exhibition of 1876 will be opened on the 10th of May, and be closed on the 10th of the following November. All governments have been invited to appoint Commissions for the purpose of organizing their departments of the exhibition. Exhibitors will not be charged for space, but must provide show-cases, shelving, counters, etc., at their own cost. The articles to be put on exhibition have been classified in ten departments, as follows: 1. Raw materials—mineral, vegetable and animal. 2. Materials and manufactures used for food, or in the arts, the result of extractive or combining processes. 3. Textile and felted fabrics; apparel, costumes and ornaments for the person. 4. Furniture and manufactures of general use in construction and in dwellings. 5. Tools, implements, machines and processes. 6. Motors and transportation. 7. Apparatus and methods for the increase and diffusion of knowledge. 8. Engineering, public works, architecture, etc. 9. Plastic and graphic arts. 10. Objects illustrating efforts for the improvement of the physical, intellectual and moral condition of men.

Besides the Exhibition Buildings proper, numerous applications have been made by manufacturers, and by the Commissions of foreign governments, for permission to erect pavilions and various ornamental and useful structures within the Exhibition grounds.

INTEGRITY is the first moral virtue, benevolence the second, and prudence is the third. Without the first, the two latter cannot exist, and without the third the two former would be often rendered useless.

A BEAUTIFUL DAY IN JUNE.

BY JANE O. DE FOREST.

POETS may sing of the balmy breezes of spring, of budding branches and of lovely apple-blossoms, of the dark, dense foliage of the later summer-time, of the many-hued leaves of autumn and the snowy fields and glittering glories of winter, but nothing can be more perfect this side of Heaven than a beautiful day in June. The leaves and grasses have that most lovely shade of green, darker than in May, and brighter than during the later summer months. The sky is of a clear, deep blue, and seems to arch lovingly over the newly-clothed earth. The sun shines brightly, but without undue fervor; the winds blow softly and coolly, laden with the perfume of roses, syringas, honeysuckles, clover-blossoms and ripening cherries. The luscious strawberries are hiding beneath their leaves, awaiting a transfer from their lowly beds to our tables. Birds of various kinds, as the robin, the thrush and the wren, sing merrily from the trees.

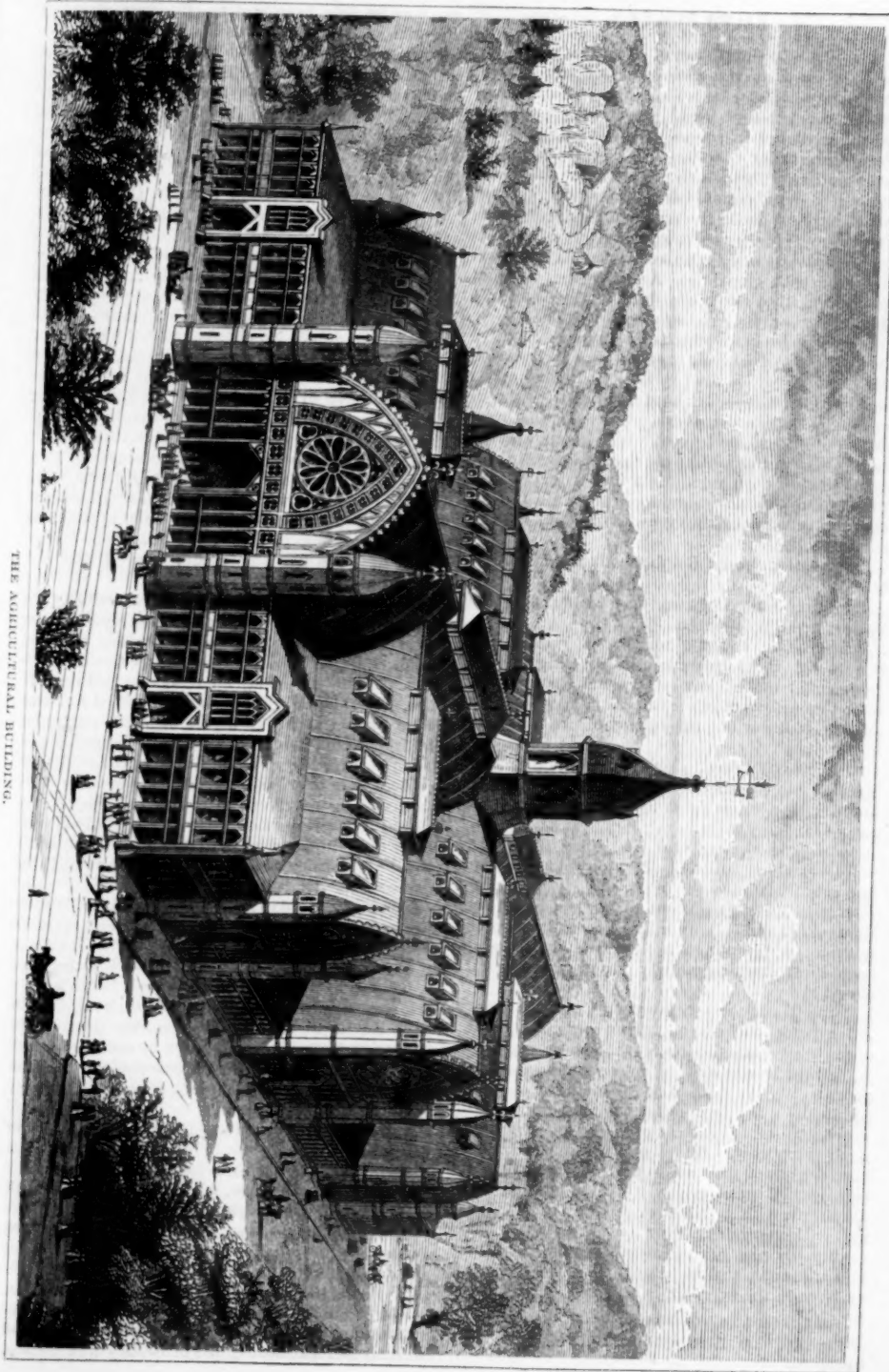
Looking out from a front window of my cottage home this sunny afternoon, I am enchanted with the loveliness of the day, and take in deep draughts of the pure health-giving air, a real "elixir of life." How the breeze sighs in the stately pine at the gate, and brings to me occasional balsamic odors. The trees and shrubs and grasses are swayed gracefully to and fro, and glisten in the sunshine.

Oh that more of our days were so calm and beautiful, that life might be more June-like to the tolling, struggling masses of humanity! Alas! that "perfect days" are so rare.

One must live in the town or country really to see and appreciate such delightful days. The majority of those who have always lived in large cities, know but little of these lovely glimpses of Nature. Shut in by high brick walls, they find occasional relief by visiting the city parks, now becoming so numerous; but these resorts are mostly monopolized by the wealthy and well-to-do portion of the inhabitants, for the hard-working poor have little time or money with which to seek recreation. In the country everything is different, for even the "farm hands" have the same opportunities for enjoying the beauties of Nature as their employers. People of wealth can afford to reside in cities, as they are able to spend their summers among the green fields; but it is indeed a mystery why so many of the poor will persist in living in crowded tenement houses and suffer year after year from cold and hunger, lack of pure air and sunshine, when so many broad acres in our great country are awaiting cultivation.

Those philanthropists which shall eventually, let us hope, lead out from their desolate homes the suffering denizens of our great, overcrowded cities, find homes for them in the villages and the country, and teach them to become useful members of society, will surely be more worthy of admiration than any beautiful day in June.

ZEAL is very blind or badly regulated when it encroaches upon the rights of others.



THE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

RALPH RIDLEY.*

A HANDSOME man of forty-five stood lingering by the bedside of his wife, whose large, tender eyes looked up at him almost wistfully. A baby's head, dark with beautiful hair that curled in scores of silken ringlets, lay close against her bosom. The chamber was not large or richly furnished, though everything was in good taste and comfortable. A few articles were out of harmony with the rest and hinted at better days. One of these was a large secretary of curious workmanship, inlaid with costly woods and pearl and rich with carvings. Another was a small mantel clock of exquisite beauty. Two or three small but rare pictures hung on the walls.

Looking closely into the man's strong intellectual face, you would have seen something that marred the harmony of its fine features and dimmed its clear expression—something to stir a doubt or awaken a feeling of concern. The eyes, that were deep and intense, had a shadow in them, and the curves of the mouth had suffering and passion and evidences of stern mental conflict in every line. This was no common man, no social drone, but one who in his contact with men was used to making himself felt.

"Come home early, Ralph, won't you?" said his wife.

The man bent down and kissed her, and then pressed his lips to the baby's head.

"Yes, dear; I don't mean to stay late. If it wasn't for the expectation of meeting General Logan and one or two others that I particularly wish to see, I wouldn't go at all. I have to make good, you know, all the opportunities that come in my way."

"Oh, yes, I know. You must go, of course." She had taken her husband's hand, and was holding it with a close pressure. He had to draw it away almost by force.

"Good-night, dear, and God bless you." His voice trembled a little. He stooped and kissed her again. A moment after and she was alone. Then all the light went out of her face and a deep shadow fell quickly over it. She shut her eyes, but not tightly enough to hold back the tears that soon came creeping slowly out from beneath the closed lashes.

Ralph Ridley was a lawyer of marked ability. A few years before, he had given up a good practice at the bar for an office under the State government. Afterward he was sent to Congress and passed four years in Washington. Like too many of our ablest public men, the temptations of that city were too much for him. It was the old sad story that repeats itself every year. He fell a victim to the drinking customs of our national capital. Everywhere and on all social occasions invitations to wine met him. He drank with a friend on his way to the House, and with another in the Capitol buildings before taking his seat for business. He drank at lunch and at dinner, and he drank more freely at party or levee in the evening. Only in the early morn-

ing was he free from the bewildering effects of liquor.

Four years of such a life broke down his manhood. Hard as he sometimes struggled to rise above the debasing appetite that had enslaved him, resolution snapped like thread in a flame with every new temptation. He stood erect and hopeful to-day, and to-morrow lay prone and despairing under the heel of his enemy.

At the end of his second term in Congress the people of his district rejected him. They could tolerate a certain degree of drunkenness and demoralization in their representative, but Ridley had fallen too low. They would have him no longer, and so he was left out in the party nomination and sent back into private life hurt, humiliated and in debt. No clients awaited his return. His law-office had been closed for years, and there was little encouragement to open it again in the old place. For some weeks after his failure to get the nomination Ridley drank more desperately than ever, and was in a state of intoxication nearly all the while. His poor wife, who clung to him through all with an unwavering fidelity, was nearly broken-hearted. In vain had relatives and friends interposed. No argument nor persuasion could induce her to abandon him. "He is my husband," was her only reply, "and I will not leave him."

One night he was brought home insensible. He had fallen in the street where some repairs were being made, and had received serious injuries which confined him to the house for two or three weeks. This gave time for reflection and repentance. The shame and remorse that filled his soul as he looked at his sad, pale wife and neglected children, and thought of his tarnished name and lost opportunities, spurred him to new and firmer resolves than ever before made. He could go forward no longer without utter ruin. No hope was left but in turning back. He must set his face in a new direction, and he vowed to do so, promising God on his knees in tears and agony to hold by his vow sacredly.

A new day had dawned. As soon as Mr. Ridley was well enough to be out again he took counsel of friends, and after careful deliberation resolved to leave his native town and remove to the city. A lawyer of fine ability and known to the public as a clear thinker and an able debater, he had made quite an impression on the country during his first term in Congress; neither he nor his friends had any doubt as to his early success, provided he was able to keep himself free from the thralldom of old habits.

A few old friends and political associates made up a purse to enable him to remove to the city with his family. An office was taken and three rooms rented in a small house, where, with his wife and two children, one daughter in her fourteenth year, life was started anew. There was no room for a servant in this small establishment even if he had been able to pay the hire of one.

So the new beginning was made. A man of Mr. Ridley's talents and reputation could not long remain unemployed. In the very first week he had a client and a retaining fee of twenty-five dollars,

* From "DANGER: OR, WOUNDED IN THE HOUSE OF A FRIEND," by T. S. Arthur. Philadelphia: J. M. Stoddart & Co.

The case was an important one, involving some nice questions of mercantile law. It came up for argument in the course of a few weeks, and gave the opportunity he wanted. His management of the case was so superior to that of the opposing counsel, and his citations of law and precedent so cumulative and explicit, that he gained not only an easy victory, but made for himself a very favorable impression.

After that business began gradually to flow in upon him, and he was able to gather in sufficient to keep his family, though for some time only in a very humble way. Having no old acquaintances in the city, Mr. Ridley was comparatively free from temptation. He was promptly at his office in the morning, never leaving it, except to go into court or some of the public offices on business, until the hour arrived for returning home.

A new life had become dominant, a new ambition was ruling him. Hope revived in the heart of his almost despairing wife, and the future looked bright again. His eyes had grown clear and confident once more and his stooping shoulders square and erect. In his bearing you saw the old stateliness and conscious sense of power. Men treated him with deference and respect.

In less than a year Mr. Ridley was able to remove his family into a better house and to afford the expense of a servant. So far they had kept out of the city's social life. Among strangers and living humbly, almost meanly, they neither made nor received calls nor had invitations to evening entertainments; and herein lay Mr. Ridley's safety. It was on his social side that he was weakest. He could hold himself above appetite and deny its cravings if left to the contest alone. The drinking-saloons whose hundred doors he had to pass daily did not tempt him, did not cause his firm steps to pause nor linger. His sorrow and shame for the past and his solemn promises and hopes for the future were potent enough to save him from all such allurements. For him their doors stood open in vain. The path of danger lay in another direction. He would have to be taken unawares. If betrayed at all, it must be, so to speak, in the house of a friend. The Delilah of "good society" must put caution and conscience to sleep and then rob him of his strength.

The rising man at the bar of a great city who had already served two terms in Congress could not long remain in social obscurity; and as it gradually became known in the "best society" that Mrs. Ridley stood connected with some of the "best families" in the State, one and another began to call upon her and to court her acquaintance, even though she was living in comparative obscurity and in a humble way.

At first regrets were returned to all invitations to evening entertainments, large or small. Mr. Ridley very well understood why his wife, who was social and naturally fond of company, was so prompt to decline. He knew that the excuse, "We are not able to give parties in return," was not really the true one. He knew that she feared the temptation that would come to him, and he was by no means insensible to the perils that would beset him whenever he found himself in the midst

of a convivial company, with the odor of wine heavy on the air and invitations to drink meeting him at every turn.

But this could not always be. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley could not forever hold themselves away from the social life of a large city among the people of which their acquaintance was gradually extending. Mrs. Ridley would have continued to stand aloof because of the danger she had too good reason to fear, but her husband was growing, she could see, both sensitive and restless. He wanted the professional advantages society would give him, and he wanted, moreover, to prove his manhood and take away the reproach under which he felt himself lying. Sooner or later he must walk this way of peril, and he felt that he was becoming strong enough and brave enough to meet the old enemy that had vanquished him so many times.

"We will go," he said, on receiving cards of invitation to a party given by a prominent and influential citizen. "People will be there whom I should meet, and people whom I want you to meet."

He saw a shadow creep into his wife's face; Mrs. Ridley saw the shadow reflected almost as a frown from his. She knew what was in her husband's thoughts, knew that he felt hurt and restless under her continued reluctance to have him go into any company where wine and spirits were served to the guests, and feeling that a longer opposition might do more harm than good, answered, with as much heartiness and assent as she could get into her voice:

"Very well, but it will cost you the price of a new dress, for I have nothing fit to appear in."

The shadow swept off Mr. Ridley's face.

"All right," he returned. "I received a fee of fifty dollars to-day, and you shall have every cent of it."

In the week that intervened Mrs. Ridley made herself ready for the party; but had she been preparing for a funeral, her heart could scarcely have been heavier. Fearful dreams haunted her sleep, and through the day imagination would often draw pictures the sight of which made her cry out in sudden pain and fear. All this she concealed from her husband, and affected to take a pleased interest in the coming entertainment.

Mrs. Ridley was still a handsome woman, and her husband felt the old pride warming his bosom when he saw her again among brilliant and attractive women and noted the impression she made. He watched her with something of the proud interest a mother feels for a beautiful daughter who makes her appearance in society for the first time, and his heart beat with liveliest pleasure as he noticed the many instances in which she attracted and held people by the grace of her manner and the charm of her conversation.

"God bless her!" he said in his heart fervently as the love he bore her warmed into fresher life and moved him with a deeper tenderness, and then he made for her sake a new vow of abstinence and set anew the watch and ward upon his appetite. And he had need of watch and ward. The wine-merchant's bill for that evening's enter-

tainment was over eight hundred dollars, and men and women, girls and boys, all drank in unrestrained freedom.

Mrs. Ridley, without seeming to do so, kept close to her husband while he was in the supper-room, and he, as if feeling the power of her protecting influence, was pleased to have her near. The smell of wine, its sparkle in the glasses, the freedom and apparent safety with which every one drank, the frequent invitations received, and the

breeding's sake have sipped a little, just tasting its flavor, so that he could compliment his host upon its rare quality."

"Thank you," Mr. Ridley was able to say, "but I do not take wine." His voice was not clear and manly, but unsteady and weak.

"Oh, excuse me," said the gentleman, setting down the glass quickly. "I was not aware of that."

He stood as if slightly embarrassed for a moment, and then, turning to a clergyman who stood close by, said: "Will you take a glass of wine with me, Mr. Elliott?"

An assenting smile broke into Mr. Elliott's face, and he reached for the glass which Mr. Ridley had just refused.

"Something very choice," said the host.

The clergyman tasted and sipped with the air of a connoisseur.

"Very choice indeed, sir," he replied. "But you always have good wine."

Mrs. Ridley drew her hand in her husband's arm and leaned upon it.

"If it is to be had," returned the host, a little proudly; "and I generally know where to get it. A good glass of wine I count among the blessings for which one may give thanks—wine, I mean, not drugs."

"Exactly; wine that is pure hurts no one, unless, indeed, his appetite has been vitiated through alcoholic indulgence, and even then I have sometimes thought that the moderate use of strictly pure wine would restore the normal taste and free a man from the tyranny of an enslaving vice."

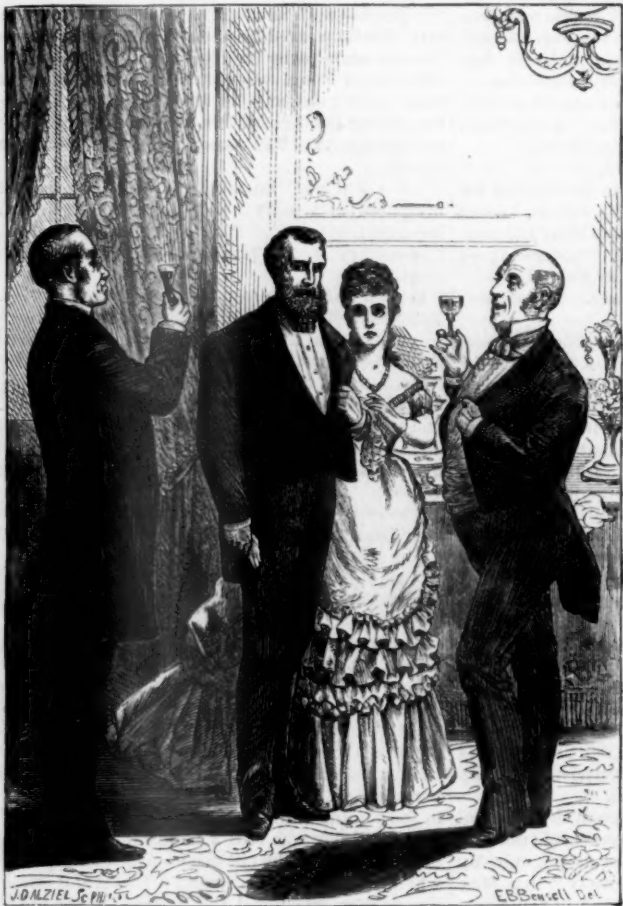
That sentence took quick hold upon the thought of Mr. Ridley. It gave him a new idea, and he listened with keen interest to what followed.

"You strike the keynote of a true temperance reformation, Mr. Elliott," returned the host.

"Give men pure wine instead of the vile stuff that bears its name, and you will soon get rid of drunkenness. I have always preached that doctrine."

Mr. Ridley went home from that first party with his head as clear and his pulse as cool as when he came. The wine had not tempted him very strongly, though its odor had been fragrant to his nostrils, and the sparkle in the glasses pleasant to his sight. Appetite had not aroused itself nor put on its strength, but lay half asleep, waiting for some better opportunity, when the sentinels should be weaker or off their guard.

It had been much harder for him to refuse the



little banter and half-surprised lifting of the eyebrows that came now and then upon refusal were no light draught on Mr. Ridley's strength.

"Have you tried this sherry, Mr. Ridley?" said the gentlemanly host, taking a bottle from the supper-table and filling two glasses. "It is very choice." He lifted one of the glasses as he spoke and handed it to his guest. There was a flattering cordiality in his manner that made the invitation almost irresistible, and moreover he was a prominent and influential citizen whose favorable consideration Mr. Ridley wished to gain. If his wife had not been standing by his side, he would have accepted the glass, and for what seemed good

invitation of his host than to deny the solicitations of the old desire. He had been in greater danger from pride than from appetite; and there remained with him a sense of being looked down upon and despised by the wealthy and eminent citizen who had honored him with an invitation, and who doubtless regarded his refusal to take wine with him as little less than a discourtesy. There were moments when he almost regretted that refusal. The wine which had been offered was of the purest quality, and he remembered but too well the theory advanced by Mr. Elliott, that the moderate use of pure wine would restore the normal taste and free a man whose appetite had been vitiated from its enslaving influence. His mind recurred to that thought very often, and the more he dwelt upon it, the more inclined he was to accept it as true. If it were indeed so, then he might be a man among men again.

Mr. Ridley did not feel as comfortable in his mind after as before this party, nor was he as strong as before. The enemy had found a door unguarded, had come in stealthily, and was lying on the alert, waiting for an opportunity.

A few weeks afterward came another invitation. It was accepted. Mrs. Ridley was not really well enough to go out, but for her husband's sake she went with him, and by her presence and the quiet power she had over him held him back from the peril he might, standing alone, have tempted.

A month later, and cards of invitation were received from Mr. and Mrs. Spencer Birtwell. This was to be among the notable entertainments of the season. Mr. Birtwell was a wealthy banker who, like other men, had his weaknesses, one of which was a love of notoriety and display. He had a showy house and attractive equipages, and managed to get his name frequently chronicled in the newspapers, now as the leader in some public enterprise or charity, now as the possessor of some rare work of art, and now as the princely capitalist whose ability and sagacity had lifted him from obscurity to the proud position he occupied. He built himself a palace for a residence, and when it was completed and furnished issued tickets of admission, that the public might see in what splendor he was going to live. Of course the newspapers described everything with a minuteness of detail and a freedom of remark that made some modest and sensitive people fancy that Mr. Birtwell must be exceedingly annoyed. But he experienced no such feeling. Praise of any kind was pleasant to his ears; you could not give him too much, nor was he over-nice as to the quality. He lived in the eyes of his fellow-citizens, and in all his walk and conversation he looked to their good opinion.

Such was Mr. Birtwell, at whose house a grand entertainment was to be given. Among the large number of invited guests were included Mr. and Mrs. Ridley. But it so happened that Mrs. Ridley could not go. A few days before the evening on which this party was to be given a new-born babe had been laid on her bosom.

"Good-night, dear, and God bless you!" Mr. Ridley had said, in a voice that was very tender, as he stooped over and kissed his wife. No wonder

that all the light went out of her face the moment she was alone, nor that a shadow fell quickly over it, nor that from beneath the fringes of her shut eyelids tears crept slowly and rested upon her cheeks. If her husband had left her for the battlefield, she could not have felt a more dreadful impression of danger, nor have been oppressed by a more terrible fear for his safety. No wonder that her nurse, coming into the chamber a few minutes after Mr. Ridley went out, found her in a nervous chill.

The spacious and elegant drawing-rooms of Mr. and Mrs. Birtwell were crowded with the élite of the city, and the heart of the former swelled with pride as he received his guests and thought of their social, professional or political distinction, the lustre of which he felt to be, for the time, reflected upon himself. It was good to be in such company, and to feel that he was equal with the best. He had not always been the peer of such men. There had been an era of obscurity out of which he had slowly emerged, and therefore he had the larger pride and self-satisfaction in the position he now held.

Mrs. Birtwell was a woman of another order. All her life she had been used to the elegance that a wealthy parentage gave, and to which her husband had been, until within a few years, an entire stranger. She was "to the manner born," she a parvenu with a restless ambition to outshine. Familiarity with things luxurious and costly had lessened their value in her eyes, and true culture had lifted her above the weakness of resting in or caring much about them, while their newness and novelty to Mr. Birtwell made enjoyment keen, and led him on to extravagant and showy exhibitions of wealth that caused most people to smile at his weakness, and a good many to ask who he was and from whence he came that he carried himself so loftily. Mrs. Birtwell did not like the advanced position to which her husband carried her, but she yielded to his weak love of notoriety and social éclat as gracefully as possible, and did her best to cover his too glaring violations of good taste and conventional refinement. In this she was not always successful.

Of course the best of liquors in lavish abundance were provided by Mr. Birtwell for his guests. Besides the dozen different kinds of wine that were on the supper-table, there was a sideboard for gentleman, in a room out of common observation, well stocked with brandy, gin and whisky, and it was a little curious to see how quickly this was discovered by certain of the guests, who scented it as truly as a bee scents honey in a clover-field, and extracted its sweets as eagerly.

Of the guests who were present we have now to deal chiefly with Mr. Ridley, and only incidentally with the rest. Dr. Hillhouse was there during the first part of the evening, but went away early—that is, before twelve o'clock. He remained long enough, however, to do full justice to the supper and wines. His handsome and agreeable young associate, Dr. Angier, a slight acquaintance with whom the reader has already, prolonged his stay to a later hour.

The Rev. Dr. Elliott was also among the guests,

displaying his fine social qualities and attracting about him the young and the old. Everybody liked Dr. Elliott, he was so frank, so cordial, free and sympathetic, and, withal, so intelligent. He did not bring the clergyman with him into a gay drawing-room, nor the ascetic to a feast. He could talk with the banker about finance, with the merchant about trade, with the student or editor about science, literature and the current events of the day, and with young men and maidens about music and the lighter matters in which they happened to be interested. And, moreover, he could enjoy a good supper and knew the flavor of good wine. A man of such rare accomplishments came to be a general favorite, and so you encountered Mr. Elliott at nearly all the fashionable parties.

Mr. Ridley had met the reverend doctor twice, and had been much pleased with him. What he had heard him say about the healthy or rather saving influences of pure wine had taken a strong hold of his thoughts, and he had often wished for an opportunity to talk with him about it. On this evening he found that opportunity. Soon after his arrival at the house of Mr. Birtwell he saw Mr. Elliott in one of the parlors, and made his way into the little group which had already gathered around the affable clergyman. Joining in the conversation, which was upon some topic of the day, Mr. Ridley, who talked well, was not long in awakening that interest in the mind of Mr. Elliott which one cultivated and intelligent person naturally feels for another; and in a little while they had the conversation pretty much to themselves. It touched this theme and that, and finally drifted in a direction which enabled Mr. Ridley to refer to what he had heard Mr. Elliott say about the healthy effect of pure wine on the taste of men whose appetites had become morbid, and to ask him if he had any good ground for his belief.

"I do not know that I can bring any proof of my theory," returned Mr. Elliott, "but I hold to it on the ground of an eternal fitness of things. Wine is good, and was given by God to make glad the hearts of men, and is to be used temperately, as are all other gifts. It may be abused, and is abused daily. Men hurt themselves by excess of wine as by excess of food. But the abuse of a thing is no argument against its use. If a man through epicurism or gormandizing has brought on disease, what do you do with him? Deny him all food, or give him of the best in such quantities as his nutritive system can appropriate and change into healthy muscle, nerve and bone? You do the latter, of course, and so would I treat the case of a man who had hurt himself by excess of wine. I would see that he had only the purest and in diminished quantity, so that his deranged system might not only have time but help in regaining its normal condition."

"And you think this could be safely done?" said Mr. Ridley.

"That is my view of the case."

"Then you do not hold to the entire abstinence theory?"

"No, sir; on that subject our temperance people have run into what we might call fanaticism, and greatly weakened their influence. Men should be

taught self-control and moderation in the use of things. If the appetite becomes vitiated through over-indulgence, you do not change its condition by complete denial. What you want for radical cure is the restoration of the old ability to use without abusing. In other words, you want a man made right again as to his rational power of self-control, by which he becomes master of himself in all the degrees of his life, from the highest to the lowest."

"All very well," remarked Dr. Hillhouse, who had joined them while Mr. Elliott was speaking. "But, in my experience, the rational self-control of which you speak is one of the rarest things to be met with in common life, and it may be fair to conclude that the man who cannot exercise it before a dangerous habit has been formed will not be very likely to exercise it afterward when anything is done to favor that habit. Habits, Mr. Elliott, are dreadful hard things to manage, and I do not know a harder one to deal with than the habit of over-indulgence in wine or spirits. I should be seriously afraid of your prescription. The temperate use of wine I hold to be good; but for those who have once lost the power of controlling their appetites I am clear in my opinion there is only one way of safety, and that is the way of entire abstinence from any drink in which there is alcohol, call it by what name you will; and this is the view now held by the most experienced and intelligent men in our profession."

A movement in the company being observed, Mr. Elliott, instead of replying, stepped toward a lady, and asked the pleasure of escorting her to the supper-room. Dr. Hillhouse was equally courteous, and Mr. Ridley, seeing the wife of General Logan, whom he had often met in Washington, standing a little way off, passed to her side and offered his arm, which was accepted.

There was a crowd and crush upon the stairs, fine gentlemen and ladies seeming to forget their courtesy and good breeding in their haste to be among the earliest who should reach the banquet-hall. This was long and spacious, having been planned by Mr. Birtwell with a view to grand entertainments like the one he was now giving. In an almost incredibly short space of time it was filled to suffocation. Those who thought themselves among the first to move were surprised to find the tables already surrounded by young men and women, who had been more interested in the status of the supper-room than in the social enjoyments of the parlors, and who had improved their advanced state of observation by securing precedence of the rest, and stood waiting for the signal to begin.

Mr. Birtwell had a high respect for the church, and on an occasion like this could do no less than honor one of its dignitaries by requesting him to ask a blessing on the sumptuous repast he had provided—on the rich food and the good wine and brandy he was about dispensing with such a liberal hand. So, in the waiting pause that ensued after the room was well filled, Mr. Elliott was called upon to bless the feast, which he did in a raised, impressive and finely modulated voice. Then came the rattle of plates and the clink of

glasses, followed by the popping of champagne and the multitudinous and distracting Babel of tongues.

Mr. Ridley, who felt much inclined to favor the superficial and ill-advised utterances of Mr. Elliott, took scarcely any heed of what Dr. Hillhouse had replied. In fact, knowing that the doctor was free with wine himself, he did not give much weight to what he said, feeling that he was talking more for argument's sake than to express his real sentiments.

A feeling of repression came over Mr. Ridley as he entered the supper-room and his eyes ran down the table. Half of this sumptuous feast was forbidden enjoyment. He must not taste the wine. All were free but him. He could fill a glass for the elegant lady whose hand was still upon his arm, but must not pledge her back except in water. A sense of shame and humiliation crept into his heart. So he felt when, in the stillness that fell upon the company, the voice of Mr. Elliott rose in blessing on the good things now spread for them in such lavish profusion. Only one sentence took hold on Mr. Ridley's mind. It was this: "Giver of all natural as well as spiritual good things, of the corn and the wine equally with the bread and the water of life, sanctify these bounties that come from thy beneficent hand, and keep us from any inordinate or hurtful use thereof."

Mr. Ridley drew a deeper breath. A load seemed taken from his bosom. He felt a sense of freedom and safety. If the wine were pure, it was a good gift of God, and could not really do him harm. A priest, claiming to stand as God's representative among men, had invoked a blessing on this juice of the grape, and given it by this act a healthier potency. All this crowded upon him, stifling reason and experience and hushing the voice of prudence.

And now, alas! he was as a feather on the surface of a wind-struck lake, and given up to the spirit and pressure of the hour. The dangerous fallacy to which Mr. Elliott had given utterance held his thoughts to the exclusion of all other considerations. A clear path out of the dreary wilderness in which he had been straying seemed to open before him, and he resolved to walk therein. Fatal delusion!

As soon as Mr. Ridley had supplied Mrs. General Logan with terrapin and oysters, and filled a plate for himself, he poured out two glasses of wine and handed one of them to the lady, then, lifting the other, he bowed a compliment and placed it to his lips. The lady smiled on him graciously, sipping the wine and praising its flavor.

"Pure as nectar," was the mental response of Mr. Ridley as the long-denied palate felt the first thrill of sweet satisfaction. He had taken a single mouthful, but another hand seemed to grasp the one that held the cup of wine and press it back to his lips, from which it was not removed until empty.

The prescription of Mr. Elliott failed. Either the wine was not pure or his theory was at fault. It was but little over an hour from the fatal moment when Mr. Ridley put a glass of wine to his

lips ere he went out alone into the storm of a long-to-be-remembered night in a state of almost helpless intoxication, and staggered off in the blinding snow that soon covered his garments like a wind-ing-sheet.

The nurse of Mrs. Ridley had found her in a nervous chill, at which she was greatly troubled. More clothing was laid upon the bed, and bottles of hot water placed to her feet. To all this Mrs. Ridley made no objection—remained, in fact, entirely passive and irresponsible, like one in a partial stupor, from which she did not, to all appearance, rally even after the chill had subsided.

She lay with her eyes shut, her lips pressed together and her forehead drawn into lines, and an expression of pain on her face, answering only in dull monosyllables to the inquiries made every now and then by her nurse, who hovered about the bed and watched over her with anxious solicitude.

As she feared, fever symptoms began to show themselves. The evening had worn away, and it was past ten o'clock. It would not do to wait until morning in a case like this, and so a servant was sent to the office of Dr. Hillhouse, with a request that he would come immediately. She returned saying that the doctor was not at home.

Mrs. Ridley lay with her eyes shut, but the nurse knew by the expression of her face that she was not asleep. The paleness of her countenance had given way to a fever hue, and she noticed occasional restless movements of the hands, twitches of the eyelids and nervous starts. To her questions the patient gave no satisfactory answers.

An hour elapsed, and still the doctor did not make his appearance. The servant was called and questioned. She was positive about having left word for the doctor to come immediately on returning home.

"Is that snow?" inquired Mrs. Ridley, starting up in bed and listening. The wind had risen suddenly and swept in a gusty dash against the windows, rattling on the glass the fine hard grains which had been falling for some time.

She remained leaning on her arm and listening for some moments, while an almost frightened look came into her face.

"What time is it?" she asked.

"After eleven o'clock," replied the nurse.

All at once the storm seemed to have awakened into a wild fury. More loudly it rushed and roared and dashed its sand-like snow against the windows of Mrs. Ridley's chamber. The sick woman shivered and the fever flush died out of her face.

"You must lie down!" said the nurse, speaking with decision and putting her hands on Mrs. Ridley to press her back. But the latter resisted.

"Indeed, indeed, ma'am," urged the nurse, showing great anxiety, "you must lie down and keep covered up in bed. It might be the death of you."

"Oh, that's awful!" exclaimed Mrs. Ridley as the wind went howling by and the snow came in heavier gusts against the windows. "Past eleven, did you say?"

"Yes, ma'am, and the doctor ought to have been here long ago. I wonder why he doesn't come!"

"Hark! wasn't that our bell?" cried Mrs. Ridley, bending forward in a listening attitude.

The nurse opened the chamber door and stood hearkening for a moment or two. Not hearing the servant stir, she ran quickly down stairs to the street door and drew it open, but found no one.

There was a look of suspense and fear in Mrs. Ridley's face when the nurse came back:

"Who was it?"

"No one," replied the nurse. "The wind deceived you."

A groan came from Mrs. Ridley's lips as she sank down upon the bed, where, with her face hidden, she lay as still as if sleeping. She did not move nor speak for the space of more than half an hour, and all the while the nurse waited and listened through the weird, incessant noises of the storm for the coming of Dr. Hillhouse, but waited and listened in vain.

All at once, as if transferred to within a few hundred rods of these anxious watchers, the great clock of the city, which in the still hours of a calm night could be heard ringing out clear but afar off, threw a resonant clang upon the air, pealing the first stroke of the hour of twelve. Mrs. Ridley started up in bed with a scared look on her face. Away the sound rolled, borne by the impetuous wind-wave that had caught it up as the old bell shivered it off, and carried it away so swiftly that it seemed to die almost in the moment it was born. The listeners waited, holding their breaths. Then, swept from the course this first peal had taken, the second came to their ears after a long interval muffled and from a distance, followed almost instantly by the third, which went booming past them louder than the first. And so, with strange intervals and variations of time and sound as the wind dashed wildly onward or broke and swerved from its course, the noon of night was struck, and the silence that for a brief time succeeded left a feeling of awe upon the hearts of these lonely women.

To the ears of another had come these strange and solemn tones, struck out at midnight away up in the clear rush of the tempest, and swept away in a kind of mad sport, and tossed about in the murky sky. To the ears of another, who, struggling and battling with the storm, had made his way with something of a blind instinct to within a short distance of his home, every stroke of the clock seemed to come from a different quarter; and when the last peal rang out, it left him in helpless bewilderment. When he staggered on again, it was in a direction opposite to that in which he had been going. For ten minutes he wrought with the blinding and suffocating snow, which, turn as he would, the wind kept dashing into his face, and then his failing limbs gave out, and he sunk benumbed with cold upon the pavement. Half buried in the snow, he was discovered soon afterward and carried to a police station, where he found himself next morning in one of the cells, a wretched, humiliated, despairing man.

"Why, Mr. Ridley! It can't be possible!" It was the exclamation of the police magistrate when this man was brought, soon after daylight, before him.

Ridley stood dumb in presence of the officer, who was touched by the helpless misery of his face.

"You were at Mr. Birtwell's?"

Ridley answered by a silent inclination of his head.

"I do not wonder," said the magistrate, his voice softening, "that you lost your way in the storm last night. You are not the only one who found himself astray and at fault. Our men had to take care of quite a number of Mr. Birtwell's guests. But I will not detain you, Mr. Ridley. I am sorry this has happened. You must be more careful in future."

With slow steps and bowed head Mr. Ridley left the station-house and took his way homeward. How could he meet his wife? What of her? How had she passed the night? Vividly came up the parting scene as she lay with her babe, only a few days old, close against her bosom, her tender eyes, in which he saw shadows of fear, fixed lovingly upon his face. He had promised to be home soon, and had said a fervent "God bless you!" as he left a kiss warm upon her lips.

And now! He stood still, a groan breaking on the air. Go home! How could he look into the face of his wife again? She had walked with him through the valley of humiliation in sorrow and suffering and shame for years, and now, after going up from this valley and bearing her to a pleasant land of hope and happiness, he had plunged down madly. Then a sudden fear smote his heart. She was in no condition to bear a shock such as his absence all night must have caused. The consequences might be fatal. He started forward at a rapid pace, hurrying along until he came in sight of his house. A carriage stood at the door. What could this mean?

Entering, he was half-way up-stairs when the nurse met him.

"O Mr. Ridley!" she exclaimed, "why did you stay away all night? Mrs. Ridley has been so ill, and I couldn't get the doctor. O sir, I don't know what will come of it. She's in a dreadful way—out of her head. I sent for Dr. Hillhouse last night, but he didn't come."

She spoke in a rapid manner, showing much alarm and agitation.

"Is Dr. Hillhouse here now?" asked Mr. Ridley, trying to repress his feelings.

"No, sir. He sent Dr. Angier, but I don't trust much in him. Dr. Hillhouse ought to see her right away. But you do look awful, sir!"

The nurse fixed her eyes upon him in a half-wondering stare.

Mr. Ridley broke from her, and passing up the stairs in two or three long strides, made his way to the bath-room, where in a few moments he changed as best he could his disordered appearance, and then hurried to his wife's chamber.

A wild cry of joy broke from her lips as she saw him enter; but when he came near, she put up her hands and shrunk away from him, saying in a voice that fairly wailed, it was so full of disappointment: "I thought it was Ralph—my dear, good Ralph! Why don't he come home?"

Her cheeks were red with fever, and her eyes

bright and shining. She had started up in bed on hearing her husband's step, but now shrunk down under the clothing and turned her face away.

"Blanche! Blanche!" Mr. Ridley called the name of his wife tenderly as he stood leaning over her.

Moving her head slowly, like one in doubt, she looked at him in a curious, questioning way. Then, closing her eyes, she turned her face from him again.

"Blanche! Blanche!" For all the response that came, Mr. Ridley might as well have spoken to deaf ears. Dr. Angier laid his hand on his arm and drew him away.

"She must have as little to disturb her as possible, Mr. Ridley. The case is serious."

"Where is Dr. Hillhouse? Why did not he come?" demanded Mr. Ridley.

"He will be here after awhile. It is too early for him," replied Dr. Angier.

"He must come now. Go for him at once, doctor."

"If you say so," returned Dr. Angier, with some coldness of manner; "but I cannot tell how soon he will be here. He does not go out until after eight or nine o'clock, and there are two or three pressing cases besides this."

"I will go," said Mr. Ridley. "Don't think me rude or uncourteous, Dr. Angier. I am like one distracted. Stay here until I get back. I will bring Dr. Hillhouse."

"Take my carriage—it is at the door; and say to Dr. Hillhouse from me that I would like him to come immediately," Dr. Angier replied to this.

Mr. Ridley ran down-stairs, and springing into the carriage, ordered the driver to return with all possible speed to the office. Dr. Hillhouse was in bed, but rose on getting the summons from Dr. Angier and accompanied Mr. Ridley. He did not feel in a pleasant humor. The night's indulgence in wine and other allurements of the table had not left his head clear nor his nerves steady for the morning. A sense of physical discomfort made him impatient and irritable. At first all the conditions of this case were not clear to him; but as his thought went back to the incidents of the night, and he remembered not only seeing Mr. Ridley in considerable excitement from drink, but hearing it remarked upon by one or two persons who were familiar with his life at Washington, the truth dawned upon his mind, and he said abruptly, with considerable sternness of manner and in a quick voice: "At what time did you get home last night?"

Ridley made no reply.

"Or this morning? It was nearly midnight when I left, and you were still there, and, I am sorry to say, not in the best condition for meeting a sick wife at home. If there is anything seriously wrong in this case, the responsibility lies, I am afraid, at your door, sir."

They were in the carriage, moving rapidly. Mr. Ridley sat with his head drawn down and bent a little forward; not answering, Dr. Hillhouse said no more. On arriving at Mr. Ridley's residence, he met Dr. Angier, with whom he held a brief conference before seeing his patient. He found

her in no favorable condition. The fever was not so intense as Dr. Angier had found it on his arrival, but its effect on the brain was more marked.

"Too much time has been lost," Dr. Hillhouse spoke aside to his assistant as they sat together watching carefully every symptom of their patient.

"I sent for you before ten o'clock last night," said the nurse, who overheard the remark and wished to screen herself from any blame.

Dr. Hillhouse did not reply.

"I knew there was danger," pursued the nurse. "O doctor, if you had only come when I sent for you! I waited and waited until after midnight."

The doctor growled an impatient response, but so muttered and mumbled the words that the nurse could not make them out. Mr. Ridley was in the room, standing with folded arms a little way from the bed, stern and haggard, with wild, congested eyes and closely-shut mouth, a picture of anguish, fear and remorse.

The two physicians remained with Mrs. Ridley for over twenty minutes before deciding on their line of treatment. A prescription was then made, and careful instructions given to the nurse.

"I will call again in the course of two or three hours," said Dr. Hillhouse, on going away. "Should anything unfavorable occur, send to the office immediately."

"Doctor!" Mr. Ridley laid his hand on the arm of Dr. Hillhouse. "What of my wife?" There was a frightened look in his pale, agitated face. His voice shook.

"She is in danger," replied the doctor.

"But you know what to do? You can control the disease? You have had such cases before?"

"I will do my best," answered the doctor, trying to move on; but Mr. Ridley clutched his arm tightly and held him fast.

"Is it—is it—puer-p-p—" His voice shook so that he could not articulate the word that was on his tongue.

"I am afraid so," returned the doctor.

A deep groan broke from the lips of Mr. Ridley. His hand dropped from the arm of Dr. Hillhouse, and he stood trembling from head to foot, then cried out in a voice of unutterable despair: "From heaven down to hell in one wild leap! God help me!"

Dr. Hillhouse was deeply moved at this. He had felt stern and angry, ready each moment to accuse and condemn, but the intense emotion displayed by the husband shocked, subdued and changed his tone of feeling.

"You must calm yourself, my dear sir," he said. "The case looks bad, but I have seen recovery in worse cases than this. We will do our best. But remember that you have duties and responsibilities that must not fail."

"Whatsoever in me lies, doctor," answered Mr. Ridley, with a sudden calmness that seemed supernatural, "you may count on my doing. If she dies, I am lost." There was a deep solemnity in his tones as he uttered this last sentence. "You see, sir," he added, "what I have at stake."

"Just for the present little more can be done than to follow the prescriptions we have given,

and watch their effect on the patient," returned Dr. Hillhouse. "If any change occurs, favorable or unfavorable, let us know. If your presence in her room should excite or disturb her in any way, you must prudently abstain from going near her."

The two physicians went away with but little hope in their hearts for the sick woman. Whatever the exciting cause or causes might have been, the disease which had taken hold of her with unusual violence presented already so fatal a type that the issue was very doubtful.

FIFTY YEARS AGO; OR, THE CABINS OF THE WEST.

BY ROSELLA RICE.

No. 6.

INSTEAD of standing beside old hearthstones on the site of a cabin that was old and tumble-down fifty years ago, this time let us introduce you to one of the past winter evenings at "our house." They are common to us; so common that we will not know how to appreciate them until they are gone forever.

Imagine, then, a pleasant sitting-room, and the family busy with reading and writing; father sits on one side of the low desk, and I on the other, while May, a rosy girl in her latter teens, is sitting before us toeing a stocking. She works awkwardly, for she throws her hand up every time she makes a stitch.

Father grows weary of reading, and takes off his glasses, lays the paper on the desk, and draws nearer the glowing coal-fire, and, while warming his feet, looks over at May, and with a little laugh says: "Dolly, you can't knit like Granny Benjamin did."

Granny Benjamin! We'd never heard her name before, and I said: "Who was she, father, and how did she knit?"

"Well, it was just awhile after we came to Ohio. We landed at Newark, and stayed there until February, 1811. It was in December, 1810, I remember, that a man came to our house and told us that the oldest woman living in Newark was going to talk that night, and they wanted all the folks to turn out and hear her. I was born in 1801, and was a little shaver, but my daddy took Betsey and Patty and me with him and mamma.

"Granny Benjamin was the blacksmith's mother, and sat in a little old chair knitting. She knit while she talked; she rocked back and forth, and told the whole story of the Revolution. She spoke from experience—told what she had seen, and heard, and suffered, and of the woe it brought to her own family. I cannot remember any of the particulars, only that all the people in town were there and paid marked attention. I thought it a little strange that she did not lay aside her knitting, but my mother said that it helped her memory, and that she could converse better if her fingers were busy.

"The town was about eight years old at that time, but they had a jail even then. It was built of logs, heavy and rude, but looked very jail-y to me."

"That is very sad," I said, "to think that in those early days jails must put in an appearance; but I presume they only built it because it was a sign of civilization;" and I laughed at father in a fun-making way.

"Oh, they needed it, or they would not have built it!" was his reply. "There was one prisoner in it, a man named Hough; his offence was shooting with intent to kill.

"Granny Benjamin talked all the evening; and she was a very graceful old knitter; she didn't throw her hand over every time she made a stitch. She wore a scant little poky gown with a pocket in each side, a dress handkerchief pinned smoothly across her bosom, and a white cambric cap with a high crown. She was called a very intelligent old lady. I remember of going home that night. We buried the fire before we left, but soon had a roaring good one after we got back. There were three families of us living in that one little log-house, Solomon Hill's, Moses Adsit's and my daddy's, but we got along as smoothly as though there was only one family."

"Your father was fond of reading—what did he do for his weekly paper?" I asked.

"Oh, he took a paper as soon as we entered our land and had an abiding place! He could have lived without bread easier than without his paper. He subscribed for the nearest one, the *Muskingum Messenger*, published at Zanesville, seventy miles away. Mails did not run regularly then; for awhile our nearest post-office was twenty miles away, then fourteen for a few years. We did not get letters very frequently. The postage on a letter was fifty cents, and money was very scarce, indeed sometimes there was hardly any in the country at all. You cannot imagine how a poor, half-starved man felt when he knew there was a letter for him in the office and he could not pay the fifty cents postage. He would take it in his hand and look at it, and feel of it, and shake it, and listen to its rattle with bright eyes, and he would smell of it, and gloat over the postmark that told him it was New England, or Pennsylvania, or Virginia, and then with a longing, loving, greedy look give it back into the hands of the waiting official, and turn away to try some means of raising the half-dollar of postage."

"I wonder how the money would come if a poor fellow knew no way of earning it?" said one of the girls, compassionately.

"Well, I hardly know, unless he would go to a man in good circumstances and get a half-dollar on any condition the man had a mind to propose," replied father.

I said: "When you were a young man, and in a pinch for money, how did you manage?"

"Well, I recall a good many times in which I needed money, and sometimes I made it come. But nineteen dollars and twenty cents was all I wanted to start with, and really, when I was a lad and in my teens, I almost agonized for that paltry sum. You see all the land about us in Ohio was called Virginia military school land; it was a grant for services rendered, and a man could enter a quarter section or more and live on it five years by paying the interest on the purchase-money.

The interest was nineteen dollars and twenty cents a year, and the purchase-money was three hundred and twenty dollars, to be paid at the end of five years. So that a man had the land five years for nothing. Not one man out of ten could hold what he entered; he could not, or did not, pay the nineteen dollars and twenty cents, and so he forfeited the land. Such cases were common all around us, and it used to make me shut my teeth and say: "Oh, if I were only a man!"

One day in the spring, a dear little girl was leaving our village and going to Kansas. A good many of the neighbors went to the depot to see the child start and to bid her loving good-byes.

We were talking about it at the dinner-table and discussing the presents given to Mina, when father said, with a little sniff of a laugh: "How times have changed! Now, when we left the Falls in 1810, there was a great crowd of old neighbors came to see us off. We lived a mile or so away from the Falls, but we stopped two or three hours when we came down to the village."

"What Falls? I thought you came from Willsborough?" I asked.

"Well, yes; Willsborough, Essex County, New York; but when we spoke of it we called it 'The Falls.' You see, the village is situate on Gilleland's Creek, where the falls are. Boats ran up as far as Willsborough then. Why, in time of the war, the British ran up the creek and burnt the mill at the Falls!"

"Ha, ha! I remember at the time of my daddy's sale there were three pretty good old baskets that were either overlooked or couldn't be sold, and that 4th of September morning, when we left the old place, some one stuck the baskets up on the wagon. When we stopped at the Falls to bid the multitude good-bye, it seems that it was customary to treat, and the first thing I knew was hearing old Dannels crying a sale most vociferously. There he was selling those old baskets with a relish, and the money that paid for them went to buy liquor to treat the crowd. It was customary then to treat; really a man, if he considered himself a gentleman, could not get out of it. I suppose my daddy had little enough money, and old Dannels knew it, and did him a kindness by turning the baskets into grog. People made a great fuss over us when we started; there was a good deal of crying, and shaking hands, and bidding of long farewells. It was a great undertaking to move to Ohio in those days. Our friends supposed we were coming out here to be roasted and eaten by the Indians."

"Was it a wearisome journey?" I inquired.

"We were forty-nine days on the road; seven weeks. Yes, it was tiresome," he answered; "and there was such a prejudice against the Yankees in the State of Pennsylvania that we were made very uncomfortable sometimes. You can guess how we would feel if we could not reach a tavern at night, and wanted to stop at a private house, willing to pay them and cause them as little trouble and annoyance as possible, and instead of a cordial 'turn in! turn in!' the pursy, well-fed, old proprietor would say in a voice of thunder: 'Pegone! you tam Yankee pack! I 'spises you!' or,

the rosy matron would make up a compact fist, and squall out: 'Clear oud; I makes te pool tog pite! you cheetin' whelp wat would trive us out'n house an' home wiz your tsharp ways! Te tevil is so goot as you wile Yangees!'"

At this we all laughed, and I said: "Well, we paid the poor dears back, didn't we father? ha, ha! 'The mills of God grind slowly, but with exactness,' you know. My! what wonders time has wrought in fifty years. We're all a mixture of good old Pennsylvania red blood and old New England blue blood, and what a great crop the rich, new soil of wild Ohio did bring forth! The blood is so mixed, and the loves are so entangled, and the blessed ties so intertwined, and the hates so deeply buried, and the new likes so charming, that taking apart would be intricate, and ravelling impossible. We don't care what the sturdy Dutch farmers, long, long ago, snarled out at the poor wayside immigrants with their old rackety 'hossia' and their white, covered, rickety, rumbling 'waggins,' do we, father?"

And father laughed and said: "No, we don't care—these old memories are far away in the past, and I am glad that soon they will be forgotten."

Then I said: "Tell us about the journey, father."

"Well, I do 'no' as I can tell much; I was such a little shaver, and had never studied geography, so that the main points of that long trip were not much to me but a jumbled together remembrance. I only know that my heart ached all the time for the little boys I had left behind. I did not like the looks of the new country at all. I remember going through Delaware County in York State; Bald Eagle Creek, near Delhi, New York, a stream that seems to me was about the size of the Muskingum; of crossing the Susquehanna in two places, once in a boat, and once on a toll-bridge; and we crossed the mountains near Blair's Gap, a little north of it; I remember Lock Haven, and I mind of Betsey falling into Pine Creek near its mouth, where it empties into the Lycoming River. We were crossing on a foot-bridge, Aaron Crosby was leading her and she got dizzy—like our mamma always did—and fell in and pulled Aaron in with her. 'Twa'n't dangerous; just came to Aaron's waist."

"I should think, from the name, that Pine Creek was a beautiful stream," I said; "that the banks were steep and rocky and green with pines."

"That's just what I thought and hoped for," said father, "when I heard my daddy say that we'd cross Pine Creek in a couple of hours. I thought I'd see some of the beautiful pines and hemlocks like we had left behind us in Essex County, but it was the loneliest, dreariest place I had ever seen, and I was glad to get away from it. I guess, though, further up the creek, it was, perhaps, very wild and beautiful."

"Then I remember Greensburg, Ebensburg, Washington—all lonely little places—yes, and Belfonte, in Centre County, Pennsylvania, and to this day I shudder when I recall that God-forsaken, lonely little hamlet. There were about a half dozen houses, the tavern was, oh, so lonely and gloomy! I could hardly stand it to stay there

until the horses ate their feed. I wandered round aimlessly and found three or four poor little pet fawns shut up in a dirty pen at the back of the house. That made me feel worse than ever.

"We crossed the Ohio River at Wheeling. We landed on the island and walked across it, then went over the rest of the river. The island was very beautiful; I remember the silver-white sands, and the trees, and I thought then that during a time of high waters the magnificent island would be overflowed. Next I recall Cambridge in Guernsey County, Ohio. The county had only been organized a few months, but the village had been there, perhaps, a dozen years. Then we came to Zanesville. This village had been laid out in 1799, and called Westbourn, but when a post-office was established there, it bore the name of Zanesville, and soon the village took that name. It was a wild and pretty place. We forded the Muskingum River at Zanesville, below the mouth of the Licking, and made our way direct to Newark, and there the wagon-road stopped, and for four months we stayed there and in Clinton, a little village near Newark, that was supposed would one day be the seat of justice for Licking County.

"In February, 1811, we came further on and my daddy entered this farm. Before he entered it, however, we stopped a few weeks with one of the best men I ever knew. He lived with a son on the Billy Irvine farm. He was a widower, and the father and son kept house and had good times. We were poor enough by this time, but that good old man, John Davis, a sterling old soldier, one of General Washington's men, made us cordially welcome. My mamma's cooking pleased him, he said it was so good to see housework done by a woman, that it made everything seem so home-like and cheerful. It always makes me angry to hear any one speak lightly of the memory of Uncle Davis, for he was so perfectly unselfish and kind and tender. He had four dogs, and he loved them with a human love almost. He was a great hunter—liked to kill wolves, and bears, and deers, and especially foxes. He had any amount of fox and coon-skins on hand."

"Were they worth anything? could he sell them?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a fox-skin was worth right smart and coon-skins were a quarter of a dollar."

"Father, what were the names of his dogs? or can't you remember?" said the youngest listener.

"Oh, I'll never forget the names of Uncle Davis's dogs!" said he, in a 'shamed way, looking down and laughing. "The two hounds were called Music and Song; and the two brave, old, sturdy bull-dogs were Lion and Bull. When I look away back now, I wonder how the old man and his son managed to live so well, for uncle was too old to clear and till land, and David was too easy-like. Why, in the three years that they lived on that quarter, they only cleared and cultivated one acre; but he was a noble old man, and, really, I don't believe he had one single fault."

"What became of the poor old soldier, father, at last?" I inquired.

Here father sighed and said: "Well, his end was sad enough. After awhile the laws were made so

that old soldiers drew pensions, and then he lived very comfortably and easy with Dave and his wife—Dave married a good girl, a daughter of old Peter Zimmerman's. One time, Uncle Davis had been down to Chillicothe—which was the temporary capital of the State for a few years—to draw his pension, and on his way home died, fell off his horse, and his body was found at the wayside, cold and dead. His money was in his pocket, and his body showed no signs of violence. It was supposed that he died of apoplexy or heart disease. It is very pleasant for me to recall that old man. Just think! his cabin had one room, about fourteen by eighteen, and there were four families of us all in there together. Let me see: there was Uncle Davis and son Dave, were two; Uncle Solomon Hill, and Aunt Aby, and Harvey, and their granddaughter, Maria Pattee, that made six; then Uncle Moses Adsit, and Aunt Hannah, with their three children, Alva, Eliza and Phebe, that made eleven; then came my daddy and mamma, and five children, Betsey, Clark, Orson, Abbie and I—we had left Patty down at Newark, at school—well that made just eighteen in the family, besides the two bull-dogs and the two hounds, that required feeding as regularly as four boys would. I'd like to see a poor man now days who would swing open his door and bid welcome sixteen men, women, children and young babies," said father, with eyes aglow.

"That man has passed away and his like will be known no more forever," said one of the boys, solemnly.

"How did the women make arrangements for sleeping?" asked May.

"Oh, made beds all over the cabin floor! the men slept at one side of the house, and the women at the other, and Uncle Davis and Dave slept on a queer sort of a bedstead in one corner," was the reply.

"Where did they put the bedding in daytime, so that they could have the use of the cabin?" I asked.

"They piled it all up on the one bedstead, so it would be out of the way."

"Did it look cosy at night when the light was burning, and the curtains drawn, and the chairs all occupied, and the good stories floating about?" said May, with a bright eye and smiling face.

At this father laughed till he shook all over.

"Why, bless you, child, what are you talking about? curtains, and lights, and chairs! There wa'n't a window in the cabin, nor a chair, nor even a tallow candle, nor lamp of any kind. These things you speak of are luxuries; we had only the bare necessities of life. Instead of a window, the light came down the low, wide stone chimney and in from the top of the door."

"Ah, a kind of a transom! Yes, I understand," said she.

"Transom! that is rich for 1811! transom! ha, ha!" and father laughed long and heartily.

"No, there were no boards in those days to make doors out of, and Uncle Davis had made his door in two parts, twice the lengths of clap-boards; it would open in the middle, and so when we wanted light we opened the upper half as you

would swing open a shutter. It was in the month of January, and a good bit of cold came in with the light, but we didn't mind that at all. But if a woman wanted to thread a needle or sew on a patch, she went close up to the fireplace and used the light that came down the chimney. For chairs, we used little stools or benches.

"Yes, we had pleasant times in the evenings, sitting and listening to Uncle Davis tell good old Revolutionary stories. The old man used to fire up until it did one good just to look into his face. He grew really handsome in those times in which he was fighting his battles over again."

"You must have been very poor, for in coming such a long journey with only one wagon, you could not bring much," said I; "bedding, and clothing, and a few books would be about all."

"Yes," said father, "we brought nothing with us. The churn was put in the back part of the wagon and packed full of things; and we brought the tea-kettle and a few dishes. I remember that my daddy stopped at an iron foundry, eight miles above Zanesville, and bought a big dinner-pot. My mamma was pretty apt and shrewd and could manage well."

"Money was very scarce, but, somehow, we lived through. I remember, one time, when I was a young married man, that I needed cash to make a payment, and all I had to sell that would bring money was four three-years-old steers, and

I sold them for thirty-two dollars. Nowadays a man can sell a steer of that age for forty dollars."

"I do wonder what women did when they needed money in those times," said I.

"Well, they spun flax for seventy-five cents a week and boarded; or, one dollar and board themselves. Six dozen cuts was a week's work, but I never knew, even then, of their getting money for work," said father; "they thought they were doing well to be paid in flour, meal, corn, flax, linen, or a calf or pig. Indeed, money was out of the question, and in a case of this kind, of course they could get along without it if they only thought so."

"Why, I knew of a young woman, eighteen years old, coming to your mother, a couple of years after we were married, and with a very modest, downcast face, saying: 'I never yit had a caliker gown, an' I want fur to spin fur you, and fur you to git me one, so I kin go to meetin' an' hole my hed up with the best of 'em.'"

"Your mother got her one immediately, and let her take her own time to pay for it. I think I never saw a woman feel richer or better than Anna did in her 'fust caliker gown.' There was nothing she liked better than to flirt round corners suddenly, and let the air lift it, it made her feel like flying or sailing airily. There never had been any flirt in the narrow, poky, scant linseys she had worn all her life."

The Story-Teller.

FLO'S FLOWER MISSION.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"WHAT'S the matter, mother mine? No bad news, I hope."

"I've just received a letter from my old school-friend, Mrs. Payson. She's in great distress. Her youngest son, Larule, has left home. Ran away in the middle of the night, three weeks ago. Poor Sabina, although possessing ample for their support, has had a world of trouble with her five fatherless boys. It's her own fault, however. When I saw them, ten years ago, they were as good as the average, willing to be led, furious if driven, and Sabina was a regular driver. As soon as they were of age they have left her, one by one. Larule, it appears, hasn't waited for that. He's just twenty; not quite two years your senior, Flo. Sabina wanted to make him a minister, nature has made him an artist; that's been the difficulty. She says she has good reason for thinking he sailed for California, and wants me to ask your pa what she shall do."

"Pa'll say let him sail."

"Yes; I suppose he will."

"Then suppose we let him, and suppose you put away your letter and come out in the garden. Ever so many roses opened last night. Our little six-by-nine is a perfect bower."

Flo Estlow was right. Red and white climbers over-reaching, mingled blush and pallor. The

crimson wine of one dyeing the white drift of the other. The air was heavy with their scented sighing. Flash of bee and butterfly, with now and then a dip of larger, darker wings, told how far the secret of their sweetness strayed. Smaller flowers smiled unnoticed under the fragrant pavilion they formed. Even a monthly, with pink and white sea-shell tinting, was of little or no consequence just then. There was a woodbine, too, pouring honied sweetness out of golden trumpet-horns, nor scarce winning a thought. Everybody and everything was sure of these bloomers by and by; their June rose guest was so fair, so fleeting, not a moment of her presence must be lost.

"Mother," said Flo, surveying the scene with eyes as blue as the arching skies, "this is the Feast of Roses; all the world should be invited thereto. I long to go out and, if need be, compel the people to come in." She was darting hither and thither, her houri hair unbound and flashing back the sun, the tints of youth and health on lip and cheek. "I know what I'll do," pausing and dipping like a humming-bird into a rich rose-heart, then coming out again with red rain on her shoulders, "not 'go be a nunnerly,' as old Polonius tells poor Ophelia, but go be a Flower Mission."

"Where will you go?"

"Wherever my Queen Rose bids."

"Nonsense. I mean how will you find the people that need your flowers? Unauthorized, alone, you would be denied entrance to hospital or prison,

until the horses ate their feed. I wandered round aimlessly and found three or four poor little pet fawns shut up in a dirty pen at the back of the house. That made me feel worse than ever.

"We crossed the Ohio River at Wheeling. We landed on the island and walked across it, then went over the rest of the river. The island was very beautiful; I remember the silver-white sands, and the trees, and I thought then that during a time of high waters the magnificent island would be overflowed. Next I recall Cambridge in Guernsey County, Ohio. The county had only been organized a few months, but the village had been there, perhaps, a dozen years. Then we came to Zanesville. This village had been laid out in 1799, and called Westbourn, but when a post-office was established there, it bore the name of Zanesville, and soon the village took that name. It was a wild and pretty place. We forded the Muskingum River at Zanesville, below the mouth of the Licking, and made our way direct to Newark, and there the wagon-road stopped, and for four months we stayed there and in Clinton, a little village near Newark, that was supposed would one day be the seat of justice for Licking County.

"In February, 1811, we came further on and my daddy entered this farm. Before he entered it, however, we stopped a few weeks with one of the best men I ever knew. He lived with a son on the Billy Irvine farm. He was a widower, and the father and son kept house and had good times. We were poor enough by this time, but that good old man, John Davis, a sterling old soldier, one of General Washington's men, made us cordially welcome. My mamma's cooking pleased him, he said it was so good to see housework done by a woman, that it made everything seem so home-like and cheerful. It always makes me angry to hear any one speak lightly of the memory of Uncle Davis, for he was so perfectly unselfish and kind and tender. He had four dogs, and he loved them with a human love almost. He was a great hunter—liked to kill wolves, and bears, and deers, and especially foxes. He had any amount of fox and coon-skins on hand."

"Were they worth anything? could he sell them?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, a fox-skin was worth right smart and coon-skins were a quarter of a dollar."

"Father, what were the names of his dogs? or can't you remember?" said the youngest listener.

"Oh, I'll never forget the names of Uncle Davis's dogs!" said he, in a 'shamed way, looking down and laughing. "The two hounds were called Music and Song; and the two brave, old, sturdy bull-dogs were Lion and Bull. When I look away back now, I wonder how the old man and his son managed to live so well, for uncle was too old to clear and till land, and David was too easy-like. Why, in the three years that they lived on that quarter, they only cleared and cultivated one acre; but he was a noble old man, and, really, I don't believe he had one single fault."

"What became of the poor old soldier, father, at last?" I inquired.

Here father sighed and said: "Well, his end was sad enough. After awhile the laws were made so

that old soldiers drew pensions, and then he lived very comfortably and easy with Dave and his wife—Dave married a good girl, a daughter of old Peter Zimmerman's. One time, Uncle Davis had been down to Chillicothe—which was the temporary capital of the State for a few years—to draw his pension, and on his way home died, fell off his horse, and his body was found at the wayside, cold and dead. His money was in his pocket, and his body showed no signs of violence. It was supposed that he died of apoplexy or heart disease. It is very pleasant for me to recall that old man. Just think! his cabin had one room, about fourteen by eighteen, and there were four families of us all in there together. Let me see: there was Uncle Davis and son Dave, were two; Uncle Solomon Hill, and Aunt Aby, and Harvey, and their granddaughter, Maria Patter, that made six; then Uncle Moses Adsit, and Aunt Hannah, with their three children, Alva, Eliza and Phebe, that made eleven; then came my daddy and mamma, and five children, Betsey, Clark, Orson, Abbie and I—we had left Patty down at Newark, at school—well that made just eighteen in the family, besides the two bull-dogs and the two hounds, that required feeding as regularly as four boys would. I'd like to see a poor man now days who would swing open his door and bid welcome sixteen men, women, children and young babies," said father, with eyes aglow.

"That man has passed away and his like will be known no more forever," said one of the boys, solemnly.

"How did the women make arrangements for sleeping?" asked May.

"Oh, made beds all over the cabin floor! the men slept at one side of the house, and the women at the other, and Uncle Davis and Dave slept on a queer sort of a bedstead in one corner," was the reply.

"Where did they put the bedding in daytime, so that they could have the use of the cabin?" I asked.

"They piled it all up on the one bedstead, so it would be out of the way."

"Did it look cosey at night when the light was burning, and the curtains drawn, and the chairs all occupied, and the good stories floating about?" said May, with a bright eye and smiling face.

At this father laughed till he shook all over. "Why, bless you, child, what are you talking about? curtains, and lights, and chairs! There wa'n't a window in the cabin, nor a chair, nor even a tallow candle, nor lamp of any kind. These things you speak of are luxuries; we had only the bare necessities of life. Instead of a window, the light came down the low, wide stone chimney and in from the top of the door."

"Ah, a kind of a transom! Yes, I understand," said she.

"Transom! that is rich for 1811! transom! ha, ha!" and father laughed long and heartily.

"No, there were no boards in those days to make doors out of, and Uncle Davis had made his door in two parts, twice the lengths of clap-boards; it would open in the middle, and so when we wanted light we opened the upper half as you

would swing open a shutter. It was in the month of January, and a good bit of cold came in with the light, but we didn't mind that at all. But if a woman wanted to thread a needle or sew on a patch, she went close up to the fireplace and used the light that came down the chimney. For chairs, we used little stools or benches.

"Yes, we had pleasant times in the evenings, sitting and listening to Uncle Davis tell good old Revolutionary stories. The old man used to fire up until it did one good just to look into his face. He grew really handsome in those times in which he was fighting his battles over again."

"You must have been very poor, for in coming such a long journey with only one wagon, you could not bring much," said I; "bedding, and clothing, and a few books would be about all."

"Yes," said father, "we brought nothing with us. The churn was put in the back part of the wagon and packed full of things; and we brought the tea-kettle and a few dishes. I remember that my daddy stopped at an iron foundry, eight miles above Zanesville, and bought a big dinner-pot. My mamma was pretty apt and shrewd and could manage well."

"Money was very scarce, but, somehow, we lived through. I remember, one time, when I was a young married man, that I needed cash to make a payment, and all I had to sell that would bring money was four three-years-old steers, and

I sold them for thirty-two dollars. Nowadays a man can sell a steer of that age for forty dollars."

"I do wonder what women did when they needed money in those times," said I.

"Well, they spun flax for seventy-five cents a week and boarded; or, one dollar and board themselves. Six dozen cuts was a week's work, but I never knew, even then, of their getting money for work," said father; "they thought they were doing well to be paid in flour, meal, corn, flax, linen, or a calf or pig. Indeed, money was out of the question, and in a case of this kind, of course they could get along without it if they only thought so."

"Why, I knew of a young woman, eighteen years old, coming to your mother, a couple of years after we were married, and with a very modest, downcast face, saying: 'I never yit had a caliker gown, an' I want fur to spin fur you, and fur you to git me one, so I kin go to meetin' an' hole my hed up with the best of 'em.'"

"Your mother got her one immediately, and let her take her own time to pay for it. I think I never saw a woman feel richer or better than Anna did in her 'fust caliker gown.' There was nothing she liked better than to flirt round corners suddenly, and let the air lift it, it made her feel like flying or sailing airily. There never had been any flirt in the narrow, poky, scant linseys she had worn all her life."

The Story-Teller.

FLO'S FLOWER MISSION.

BY MADGE CARROL.

"WHAT'S the matter, mother mine? No bad news, I hope."

"I've just received a letter from my old school-friend, Mrs. Paysont. She's in great distress. Her youngest son, Larule, has left home. Ran away in the middle of the night, three weeks ago. Poor Sabina, although possessing ample for their support, has had a world of trouble with her five fatherless boys. It's her own fault, however. When I saw them, ten years ago, they were as good as the average, willing to be led, furious if driven, and Sabina was a regular driver. As soon as they were of age they have left her, one by one. Larule, it appears, hasn't waited for that. He's just twenty; not quite two years your senior, Flo. Sabina wanted to make him a minister, nature has made him an artist; that's been the difficulty. She says she has good reason for thinking he sailed for California, and wants me to ask your pa what she shall do."

"Pa'll say let him sail."

"Yes; I suppose he will."

"Then suppose we let him, and suppose you put away your letter and come out in the garden. Ever so many roses opened last night. Our little six-by-nine is a perfect bower."

Flo Estlow was right. Red and white climbers over-reaching, mingled blush and pallor. The

crimson wine of one dyeing the white drift of the other. The air was heavy with their scented sighing. Flash of bee and butterfly, with now and then a dip of larger, darker wings, told how far the secret of their sweetness strayed. Smaller flowers smiled unnoticed under the fragrant pavilion they formed. Even a monthly, with pink and white sea-shell tinting, was of little or no consequence just then. There was a woodbine, too, pouring honied sweetness out of golden trumpet-horns, nor scarce winning a thought. Everybody and everything was sure of these bloomers by and by; their June rose guest was so fair, so fleeting, not a moment of her presence must be lost.

"Mother," said Flo, surveying the scene with eyes as blue as the arching skies, "this is the Feast of Roses; all the world should be invited thereto. I long to go out and, if need be, compel the people to come in." She was darting hither and thither, her houri hair unbound and flashing back the sun, the tints of youth and health on lip and cheek. "I know what I'll do," pausing and dipping like a humming-bird into a rich rose-heart, then coming out again with red rain on her shoulders, "not 'go be a nunnery,' as old Polonius tells poor Ophelia, but go be a Flower Mission."

"Where will you go?"

"Wherever my Queen Rose bids."

"Nonsense. I mean how will you find the people that need your flowers? Unauthorized, alone, you would be denied entrance to hospital or prison,

even were I willing you should go into such places."

"Motherdy, didst ever carry a bunch of roses through the streets?"

"Many a time."

"Then haven't you seen longing looks, nay, very hearts, going out after them? Do not little children, even from the gutters, beg for just one?"

"Oh, yes, but for all that they may have plenty at home."

"Everybody don't have them at home. There are places, so-called, hundreds of them, where flowers never bloom, a rose is never seen. It is easy to find them, easy to find flowerless folk."

"But, Flo, you surely don't contemplate visiting courts and alleys."

"With your permission, I surely do. Thad has a week's holiday; I can take him along, for the look's sake."

"Yes, so you could."

"Then you consent?"

"Provided your father does."

"Pa's sure to. We'll start to-morrow morning, bright and early. Hundreds of roses are waiting to come out for that very purpose."

"A rose and a woodbine spray," said Flo, inhaling their fragrant breath before tying them with a scarlet cord; "there's summer enough to reach around the world! Just one rose, Thad. Don't be extravagant. Red, white or pink, one rose and a spray of woodbine forms the bouquet."

Starting out with their fragrant burden, this sister and brother were a charming pair. She with the bloom of eighteen on cheek and lip, he wearing his fourteen summers with the grace and dignity of twenty-one. It was early morning, and they joined that great procession—moving without banners or music, and that nobody goes to see—the procession of men, women and children, wending their way to their daily labor.

"You can play Lady Bountiful; I'll be simply your cup-bearer," said Thad.

Many eyes turned wistfully upon that bank of bloom in those young arms, and still it was not lessened by a single spray. Glancing along the line of weary faces, Flo Estlow's tender heart misgave her. She had hoped a rose,

"Like balm, would steal
Into wounds that cannot heal,"

but what was a flower to the great heart of humanity throbbing so painfully before her?

"Did you bring these out to give away, or simply to perfume the air?" asked Thad, after they had walked four or five squares.

"To give away, of course; and yet I'm afraid to. Nearly all these people are wanting so much, a flower seems like a mockery. It's taking time to bring my mind to the do-what-you-can duty."

"Meanwhile our roses are getting no fresher."

"True. Wait; I'll offer this sickly-looking woman one. She's going to work when she ought to be in her bed. Since I can't send her there, I'll send a bit of brightness to the shop. Will you have a rose?"

An instant's lighting of the pale, sad face and a "Thank you," sincerely uttered, gave our little

Flower Mission courage. "Gim me un?" made it easy to drop a bloomy branch into the hand of neglected childhood; while "Thoses? Ady? Thoses?" from a dirty-faced, yet tantalizingly kissable little creature, rendered service a delight.

There were four tiny bouquets left. One of these dropped into the gutter where wallowed a boy with enough beauty in his soul to reach after it. Another was laid, tenderly, in a palsied hand, a third fell softly in the lap of the blind. Flo was left wondering to whom the last should go, when a woman with a basket passed, looked longingly at the dainty spray, hesitated, then said: "Have you a rose to spare for a sick lad?"

"Certainly," answered Flo, asking where he was, and congratulating herself on having so worthy a personage on whom to bestow her last floral offering.

They would find him at the window of the fourth house from the corner. "I'm in a great hurry, else I'd go back with you," added the woman; "but you won't miss it. It's the cleanest place hereabout, although I do say it myself."

The stranger was bright-eyed, ruddy-cheeked and scrupulously neat, still there was nothing in her appearance that prepared Flo Estlow for the extreme delicacy and refinement of the face she saw at the window, leaning back in an arm-chair, with closed eyelids. Not having taken into consideration the various standpoints from whence persons estimate age, she was surprised, too, to find a young man in place of a little, ailing boy. A handsome man, beside, with jet black, wavy hair, black eye-lashes and sweet, firm lips from whence the color had fled. The window being low, she plucked up courage, and was about to lay her June gems on the pillow, then slip away, when, all of a sudden, the midnight eyes opened, and gazed, not at her, but at the dove-white hand bringing summer into his drear November day. Color enough for a whole garden of roses dyed the fair girl-cheeks. She drew back hastily, her golden hair fluttering as though, but for ribbon bonds, it would spread into wings and fly away with her. How absurd to be caught dangling flowers over a sick man's nose.

"I beg your pardon, did you speak?"

"We met a lady who asked us to bring you a rose," said Thad, since silence sealed Flo's lips.

There was a scrambling inside, a scampering of very short-stepping feet, and a tugging at the door-knob.

"Many thanks. You'll please walk in, won't you? My little Rabbit's trying to open the door."

Thad assisted, and two miniature editions of the red-cheeked woman stood revealed. "Haven't you a rose for me?" asked the largest of these, the smallest being too tiny to do anything but stare.

Flo, overwhelmed with regret, volunteered a kiss instead.

"I'll take it," answered little sincerity with a sigh, "but I'd a heap rather have a rose."

"If you get me some water to put these in, you shall have them in a day or two. I want them now for something very particular," said the sick man.

"Oh, I know, I know!" exclaimed the little girl.

Yes, but she was not to tell, answered the invalid, and again urged his visitors to walk in. Being very tired, they accepted the invitation. Thad was soon drawn out on school topics, while Flo became so engrossed in the baby-woman as never to dream how time was passing until the red-cheeked mother returned from market. She was glad they had come in to see Mr. Smith, and Flo, with an inexplicable thrill at her heart, was equally glad to discover that he was not her husband. They were to call again. Thad having become perfectly fascinated with Mr. Smith; Flo laboring to persuade herself she was proportionately fascinated with the children. At any rate she must go the very next day and take Rabbit the promised bouquet.

"Her name's Rebecca," explained Mrs. Grow, apologetically, "but it was too long for a baby-girl, so her father began calling her Rabbit, and I fell in with it. You don't mind it for a pet name, do you?"

The morning had been crowded with delightful experiences, the last, most delightful of all. Of course Flo Estlow didn't "mind."

They called the following evening, and, upon leaving, Mrs. Grow walked as far as the corner to tell how her husband, at the hotel where he was employed, had found Mr. Smith sick. They had both known him when a boy, and nothing would do but he must come to their own home.

"Twas a poor roof compared to the hotel, yet the hearts under it are warm, and if there's heart-warmth in a hotel, nobody ever finds it out."

After that day, Flo was not able to conjure any reasonable excuse for going, and felt an odd, nervous shrinking from asking further permission, knowing well how closely questions would come. Thad went, however. Mr. Estlow knowing some little about Mr. Grow, was quite sure that all was right. The boy was at perfect liberty to cultivate his new acquaintance. Flo hovered about on his return from these visits, drinking in every utterance, while loveliest rose-ripples crossed her cheeks at mention of Mr. Smith's acknowledgment of the tiny bouquets she sent, and his desire to be remembered.

Four days later, Thad came in deeply distressed. Mr. Smith had a relapse, was entirely out of his mind, raved about his "Queen rose of the garden of girls," his mother, and called himself by another name.

"They didn't want me to go up-stairs and see him," continued Thad, "but hearing me speak, he insisted on my coming. I had to go to quiet him, and what do you think, he took this from under his pillow, telling me to bring it home. See here, Flo."

Flo's face was toward the window. She did not turn directly, indeed might scarce have looked at all, had not an exclamation from her mother startled her.

"Why, that's our Flo's hand, holding one of her flower-mission bouquets! What a lovely picture!"

Mrs. Estlow gazed intently, then asked Thad a

few hurried questions. These ended in her tying on her bonnet and seeking the Grow's humble home-roof. The sick lad proved to be Sabina Paysont's son, just as she suspected on seeing the picture.

"I was his nurse five years," said Mrs. Grow, outside of the sick chamber; "then waiting-maid in the house five on top of that. I loved Larule dearly, and, if you, being her friend, will excuse my saying so, his mother was hard on him, very hard. So, when my husband found him a runaway and sick, we took him in as if he'd been our own brother. I was ready to call him Mr. Smith, or anything else, and willing to shelter him as long as he needed me. He was going to California, poor lamb, to seek his fortune, when the fret of it all—for he loved his mother, ma'am—took him down. Dear child, he may never lift his pretty head again!"

In spite of these forebodings he did lift it. As soon as he was able to be moved, the Estlows took him to their own home. Exhausted by the journey, for he was still very weak, they laid him on a lounge under the window, where red and white rose-rain dropped, and into which stole woodbine whisperings and hum of honey-burdened bee. His mother, Mrs. Estlow, several married Estlows and Thad surrounded him, while Flo, like some shy, winged creature, hovered afar, too deliciously happy at seeing him once more to draw near and have her tell-tale face betray her.

Sabina Paysont was persuaded into giving up the idea of the pulpit for her youngest, and consented to his remaining with Mr. Estlow, pursuing his artist studies until of age. His birthday came in May, consequently this present month sees him past twenty-one, and in possession of a handsome income from the paternal estate.

June roses are here once more, and the little "six-by-nine" again blooms out a perfect bower. Before the month's sweet moon sets the white rose-drift will see its fairest buds resting in Flo's sunny hair and on her pure girl-bosom. She starts on another mission, hand in hand with one not a brother. It may not be all flowery, this new path, but if there's summer enough in a rose and a woodbine spray to reach around the world—and who, looking out upon them to-day, doubts it—surely there's bliss enough in two fond hearts, such hearts as Larule's and Flo's, to brighten the whole of life.

IT is home business which is the test of goodness. A pleasant order to the worn-out servant "not to hurry" won't delay the supper; a sympathetic, loving kiss to the languid-looking mother will do her more good than wine. A little praise, a little wonder as to how she manages to keep the house so cool and clean, and endure all the worry of the nursery, will make her happy. If some only knew how good a word in season is, they would give it oftener, and get in exchange smiles and kisses, and pleasant little acknowledgments. A day has a great many good things in its gift, but the key to them all is renunciation and unselfishness.

DEBORAH NORMAN:*

HER WORK AND HER REWARD.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE deacon's business interview with his agent on that particular Monday morning was far from being satisfactory. Everything seemed to be going crooked. Two of his miserably poor tenants, after having burned up doors, shutters and every available bit of wood that could be found on the premises, had gone off leaving their rent unpaid. Another tenant, who kept a vile saloon, in which debased men and women were the chief customers, had flatly refused to pay his rent unless it were reduced one-half, declaring with a shocking oath, which the agent was careful to repeat for the deacon's edification, that the "Crusaders" were coming, and would ruin his business.

Fretted beyond endurance by all this, the deacon dismissed his agent, and drove him angrily from his presence. He was walking about his office, passing from side to side with the quick, excited movements of a caged animal, when there came a low rap on his door. In answer to his gruff "Come in!" it was pushed gently open, and Deborah Norman entered, looking pale but peaceful. A quiet smile just touched her lips as she stepped into the room. Her presence acted as a charm; it was like the music played before Saul, driving out the evil spirits by which he was possessed. The turbulent waters of passion grew still; a great calm fell upon his soul.

"Good-morning," said the deacon, toning down his voice and making it as soft as possible. He reached out a hand toward the placid maiden, and she laid one of her soft palms within it, returning his spasmodic grip with a gentle pressure. The power of her simple sphere subdued him utterly. The touch of her hand was like the touch of an enchantress.

"How does thee do?" she returned, the smile fading from her lips as she stood and looked at him steadily.

"I have come to trouble thy peace," said Deborah. There came a sorrowful curve to her gentle mouth, and the deacon saw accusation in her clear eyes that did not withdraw themselves an instant from his countenance.

"Sit down," returned the deacon, and he offered his visitor a chair. They sat down near together, the deacon's face almost blank in the weakness and irresolution it exhibited. It was wonderful, the subtle power this strange young woman, whom he had only met twice before, was able to hold over the coarse, hard, self-asserting Pharisee.

"I had rather bring thee peace than trouble of soul," began Deborah; "but I can speak only as the spirit moves me. I do not come of my own will; but constrained of God, whose spirit I may not resist. I am His messenger. He has given thee money and great influence. Thou art His steward and almoner; and He says to thee now,

through His weak and humble servant, 'I shall require, ere long, an account of thy stewardship.' How does the reckoning stand? If He were to call for the account to-day, art thou ready to hand it in, assured of the 'Well done, good and faithful servant?'"

A shiver ran through the strong man's frame, and a look of fear settled in his eyes.

"I saw a thing yesterday," Deborah went on, after a little pause in her speech, "that made me very sad. Men, fired by strong drink, tearing each other like wild beasts, and I had no power to stop them. It was dreadful. Only a little while before the church bells were ringing, and the very peace of Heaven seemed resting on this quiet town. Thee had gone to worship God in the congregation of his people; but I could not go. It seemed like mockery to offer up prayer and praise, when, near to the very church doors, the gates of death and hell stood open, and no hand was put forth to close them. Nay, worse than mockery, when I knew that one of the worshippers had himself opened these gates, and made gain of the ruin of souls."

She paused. The deacon was actually trembling.

"I should not be guiltless before God," Deborah resumed, "if I did not say to thee, friend Strong, 'Thou art the man!'"

He started like one struck with a sharp pain.

"It was in one of thy houses," she went on, "that I saw men mad with strong drink, tearing each other like wild beasts, and filling the air with curses; and this while thee was in church serving God! How could thee think such service acceptable to the pure, and true, and loving Father of us all?"

Deacon Strong rose hastily, strode across the room, and, opening the door of his office, motioned Deborah to retire. His convulsed face told of the wild storm that was in his heart.

But Deborah did not stir.

"Go!" he exclaimed. "Go!"

"Thee had better let me remain," was Deborah's calm response. "My going will not alter the truth of things; and it is the truth thee has to deal with. I may go, but that will remain."

The deacon stood for some moments looking at Deborah with a baffled expression on his face. Then he came back from the door and sat down again. His coarse passion was no match for the subtle strength of her quiet will.

"If we cannot ask the blessing of God upon anything that we receive, it will be an unsafe possession, and curse us in the holding or in the using," said Deborah. "Does thee not believe this?"

The deacon was silent.

"If thee believes God's word thee believes it?"

He still kept silence.

"I have not come to thee of my own will," Deborah continued; "nor in anything to serve myself. A power that I cannot resist and be conscience-clear, has drawn me hither, and I speak to thee not of myself, but as one constrained by the Spirit of God. Thy soul is in great peril; for thee is not only consenting to the hurt of thy neighbor, but making gain of his hurt. It is an awful risk,

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that thee is taking, friend Strong; and thee has taken it without due consideration. But now God calls upon thee to consider and take heed unto thy ways. He has sent me to warn thee of the dangers that lie in thy path, and the ruin that will surely overtake thy soul if thee does not repent and cease from this evil thing. He has not sent me in wrath, but in love and mercy, that thy own soul, and the souls of all put in jeopardy through thee, may, if possible, be saved."

The heart of Deacon Strong sank within him. All his spiritual confidence was gone. The wings of his faith drooped, and no longer held him afar up in the serene atmosphere where he had dwelt on the day before. He was not now able to deceive himself by subtle reasonings, nor to rest assured of forgiveness and justification with God through loyalty to doctrine, while his life in the world set the pure precepts of the Gospel at defiance.

"I have troubled thy spirit and brought thee into doubt and darkness," said Deborah, reading in the deacon's face his state of mind. "Thee does not see a clear path before thee. Thy steps falter and thy heart is faint. Now, 'If any man lack wisdom,' says the Apostle James, 'let him ask of God, who giveth liberally, and upbraideth not.' We both lack wisdom now. Let us ask of him to give us light."

As Deborah said this, she knelt upon the floor—her companion not stirring from his chair, but only covering his face with his hands—and in a few low and tenderly-uttered sentences asked God to bless the few words she had spoken, and make plain to the deacon the way in which He would have him walk. "Give him," she said, "the Spirit of Christ, that, following in His footsteps, he may do good, comforting the mourner, feeding the hungry, healing the sick, casting out devils; so that the world may be better for his life, and the 'Well done, good and faithful servant,' be his joyful welcome when Thou shalt call him to go up higher."

By this time a complete revulsion had taken place in the mind of Deacon Strong, and he was again as much under the influence of Deborah Norman as on the occasion of his previous interview with that young woman. When she arose from her knees, she made a movement as if about to retire; seeing which the deacon said: "No, not yet."

She looked at him earnestly.

"You were at Conlan's saloon yesterday?"

"Yes."

"So I heard. It was there you saw men tearing each other like wild animals?"

"Yes."

"What were you doing there?"

"I went in Christ's name, hoping that I might turn some one from his evil ways."

"It was not well. You should not have gone there," said the deacon. "It is no place for a woman. Instead of doing good, you did harm. They were not fighting when you went in."

Deborah did not answer.

"It was your presence that stirred up strife; that set man against man."

"I went in Christ's name to do them good," said Deborah, "and good will come of it."

"If some one had not carried you to a place of safety, you might have been seriously injured."

"Some one did carry me to a place of safety," replied Deborah.

"You might as well have gone into a den of savage beasts," said the deacon, warning.

"The lions did not hurt Daniel; nor the fire the Hebrew children. I am not afraid."

"They have hurt many saints and martyrs, for all that. In these latter days God does not work miracles. If a man jump into a river he will drown; if he is thrown into a fiery furnace, he will be consumed; or if into a den of lions, he will be torn to pieces. We must not tempt God by setting his laws at defiance."

"Where duty calls I must go," answered Deborah, calmly; "and I know that I shall be safer in obedience than in disobedience."

"We may be mistaken as to our duty."

"Not often. God gives us a very clear sight as to duty, so leaving us without excuse. You know that it is wrong to rent your houses to be used for evil purposes, and let the gain of sin find its way into your hands."

The deacon's growing confidence died out. He had meant to push Deborah to the wall in this argument; but she was too much for him. She set her thoughts in no vague expressions, but spoke with a directness that left room for neither cavil nor excuse.

"If," she added, "the fight in Conlan's bar and my danger of being hurt should result in leading thee into the ways of duty, and so into shutting up two or three doors by which many now pass through to death and hell, then both the fight induced by my presence and the danger into which I was brought, will result in good. 'The wrath of man shall praise Him; but the remainder of wrath will He restrain.'"

The deacon was no match for Deborah, and he felt it now as he had felt it before. She accepted God's precepts as true, given for man's highest good, and to be obeyed both as to the letter and the spirit. He believed them in a sort of legal and general sense, and regarded his acceptable obedience as somehow included in the righteousness which comes by faith. With her, Christian duty lay in that neighborly regard which seeks the good of others; with him, soundness of doctrine and faithfulness to the services and ordinances of his church. His self-love and love of gain were perpetually leading him away from neighborly love, causing him to ignore the plainest Christian duties, and bringing his mind into such darkness of perception that he could not see how his life and actions among men were but the ultimate and intense expression of his real quality; while her denial of self was ever lifting her soul into higher spiritual atmospheres, in which Christian duty was seen to be love of the neighbor, and the life most acceptable to God, a life of good deeds, in which charity was the inspiring impulse. He shut his eyes to the needs of his fellow-men, while his thought of others had always some relation to

their service to himself; she, on the other hand, was ever thinking how she might serve others.

No wonder he was no match for her in any contest where spiritual weapons were to be used; for the finer steel of her sword of truth shattered his clumsy weapons, and penetrated the coarse scales of his armor at every blow and thrust. He bowed his head, and was for a long time silent. Deborah waited for him to speak.

At length he said: "There are many sides to this thing, and you do not see them all. Suppose I should refuse to rent my house to Conlan; it will be no trouble for him to get another and go right on with his business. No abatement of the evil will follow."

Deborah fixed her calm eyes on the deacon's face, but did not reply. As she looked at him her thoughts penetrated to his consciousness, and he saw the weakness of his excuse.

"It is safest," she remarked, "to have no share in the gain of evil doing."

"But I do not share the gain. I have nothing to do with that," said the deacon, warmly.

"Let us see," returned Deborah. "Does thee not receive more rent for this property as a drinking-house than it would bring if occupied as a dwelling, or as a shop for the sale of useful articles only?"

The deacon was silent.

"This being so," continued Deborah, taking his silence for assent, "is not the excess of rent received thy share in the gain of a great iniquity?—the gain of the first day of the week as well as the gain of every other day? Is thee not, in fact, a partner with Conlan in this business of destroying the bodies and souls of men, and equally guilty before God?—nay, more guilty?—for thee has greater light and stands before the world as a Christian man and an exemplar of that Gospel the mission of which is to lift men into Heaven, not to drag them into the regions of everlasting woe. Friend Strong," added Deborah, her voice taking on a warning tone, "this is an awful business! Thou art assuming a fearful risk! The gain of this traffic is in thy hands, and if thee does not cast it away it will curse thee with many sorrows; nay, it will shut thee out of Heaven; and what will it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul? God is not mocked. What a man soweth, that shall he also reap. Good if good; evil if evil. Thou art sowing evil seed, and the harvest of such seed is bitter."

The calmness which had marked Deborah's deportment from the beginning had given way to a sibyl-like excitement, and her voice had risen to an intense fervor. Her eyes shone with a starry brightness; her cheeks flushed; her manner was that of an inspired prophetess. The deacon was awed by this change, and still more by her convicting utterances, which struck upon him with a condemning force that was half appalling.

Deborah paused in her speech, checking herself with an effort. A sudden rush of feeling had carried her away from the quiet waters on which her soul was wont to rest, and borne her out into the swift current of enthusiasm. She had been so carried away once or twice before in her efforts to

rebuke sin and bear testimony against evil doing; and this passing as it were out of herself and into the control of unknown spiritual influences, perplexed and troubled her. It seemed as though she were possessed, for the time being, by another spirit than her own; a spirit burning with fiery zeal, and impelling her to an indignant denunciation of sin and wrong. The reaction that followed these states of abnormal excitement was very great, leaving her physically weak and mentally depressed, and with a painful, half-anxious impression that she was losing control of herself, and coming under the action of forces the nature and power of which she did not understand. A strong undercurrent, drifting she knew not whither, seemed to strike her soul and bear it blindly away.

It was this feeling that caused her to turn quickly from the deacon at the close of her passionate warning, and almost flee from his presence. Some time passed before the surprised and startled subject of her rebuke could recover himself from the bewilderment into which he was thrown, and think with any degree of calmness. Her ringing tones and strong utterances were still sounding in his ears; and he could not shake off the sense of guilt and condemnation before God which had taken possession of his soul. There was something weird in the influence this young woman had thrown over him; a subtle power in her personality that he knew not how to resist. A kind of awe dwelt with her image in his mind. As one who breaks the spell of a suffocating nightmare by a sudden effort, the deacon started up and hurried from his office, taking his way to the mill.

CHAPTER XIV.

ALL the Sunday strength of Deacon Strong had been lost in this brief interview with Deborah Norman. His spiritual pride; his self-confidence; his contempt for the poor overseer, and anger at his presumption in setting himself up as a judge of one of God's people, were gone now. As he walked toward the mill, he made a feeble effort to rise out of the valley of humiliation into which he had fallen. He tried to recover his lost indignation toward Mr. Trueford for having led him into the breach of a safe business rule; and especially did he try to put this man below him in thought. But all was vain. How should he meet him? He almost dreaded the moment when they must come face to face. When they parted on Saturday evening, Amos Trueford stood, in moral stature, far above him. The manhood of this man had reasserted itself—had broken its servile bonds, and stood erect in the freedom of living truth; and he had seen and felt his superior stature. But he had meant to thrust him back into his old place; to rebuke his presumption with stern and angry sentences; to whip him into the old submission as he would have whipped a dog for having growled at him.

How utterly shorn of strength he was! Twice he checked his feet, and turned his steps in another direction in very dread of meeting his overseer and standing humiliated before him, instead of

pushing him down with the lordly air of a conscious superior. But this was adding folly to weakness. He felt ashamed of himself.

Mr. Trueford was not in the office when Deacon Strong entered the mill. So he had a little time to settle his thoughts and compose his mind before the usual morning interview. What he expected was a certain air of superiority and self-assertion on the side of his overseer, who, as he naturally inferred, judging Amos Trueford by himself, would seek to maintain the advantage he had acquired, and let his purpose be seen. He tried to prepare himself to meet this with the needed self-control, and to react upon it in such a spirit as not to precipitate a quarrel; for self-interest came forward again and warned him not to make a rupture with Mr. Trueford, who might, in his new-found independence, leave his service altogether; and that would be an almost irreparable loss.

He was sitting at his desk reading a letter, when he heard the sound of well-known feet. The office door opened, and his overseer came in. He did not look up, nor seem to notice the presence of Mr. Trueford, who remained for a few moments only, and then went out. It was over ten minutes before he appeared again. The deacon was as well prepared to meet him now as if he had put off the interview for hours; so he turned from his desk and looked up into his face. An instant sense of relief was felt by the deacon. Why? he would hardly have acknowledged to himself. The truth was, he saw nothing of what he had expected to see; but only the old grave, passive expression, and willingness to serve. So the question came naturally: "All right this morning?"

"Yes, sir; everything."

There was an unusual heartiness and satisfaction in the voice of Mr. Trueford as he thus replied that did not escape the ear of the mill-owner. Two or three queries rose to his lips, but he kept them back, not feeling sure as to where they might lead. Mr. Trueford waited for anything further his employer might have to say, standing in his old, respectful attitude, but a little more erectly. The deacon rather felt than saw the changed state of this man; and in spite of his mental effort to push him back into his old abject and inferior condition, a feeling of respect, rising almost to deference, kept possession of his mind.

"Glad to hear it," answered the deacon, after a rather prolonged silence; "I don't know when I've heard you say as much."

"Hope to say it often," returned Mr. Trueford, the satisfaction expressed in his voice still stronger now.

"Why?" asked the deacon. He was off of his guard for an instant. This question gave his overseer an opportunity to bring forward a subject for which he was least prepared. Before his interview with Maxwell and the young Quakeress, he had settled the *rate* he would act. Trueford was to be sternly rebuked, and the old rule of docking for lost time restored. But his mind was at sea now. He almost held his breath for Mr. Trueford's answer.

"Because our people have gone to work in a

spirit I've not seen since I took charge of the mill."

The deacon had turned himself a little away, so as not to face his overseer; but he wheeled around with a quick movement, and, looking up, asked in manifest surprise: "What do you mean? What kind of a spirit?"

"A spirit of cheerful industry. They feel now that they are to be treated with kindness and consideration, and they mean to do their best in return. Not a man, woman or child feels this morning a sense of wrong. No one says, 'I've been docked for more time than I lost, and I'll make it up against the deacon twice over, in shirking, before the week's out.' Some who had lost time, and did not have it charged to them, are particularly active. In fact, the whole tone of things is changed; and it's my opinion that we'll get more work this week, hand for hand, than was ever turned out before."

The deacon took a deep breath. A load seemed to fall away from him. And yet he was in a state of bewilderment and uncertainty. It might be as Mr. Trueford said; but such a condition of things could not last, for, measuring these people by himself, he saw nothing to rest upon in mere good-will. Men could only be held to service and duty by the force of a law that, if broken, brought loss or suffering. Any man of business experience, and especially with an experience among such a miserable riff-raff crew as he had to deal with, knew that. Mr. Trueford was only a weak enthusiast; a mere dreamer. So he shook his head, closed his mouth hard, and set an expression of doubt upon his face.

"We shall see," replied the other, cheerily. "Give them a fair trial, and, my word for it, you will be largely the gainer in money, to say nothing of a higher gain," was added, in a more serious voice.

"What higher gain?" demanded the deacon, rousing himself.

The overseer was trenching on questionable ground. He might be able to teach him something about the management of a hundred ungodly men, women and children; but he must not presume to go farther, or suggest anything about spiritual rewards. He knew all about the way to make his calling and election sure; and he didn't want things that stood apart from each other mixed up by Mr. Trueford. But his question was out, and the overseer could do no less than answer it.

The reply was in these words: "The satisfaction of knowing that your people are better off and happier; and that they think of you kindly and gratefully, instead of with anger and dislike. The satisfaction of knowing that"—Mr. Trueford paused, showing for an instant some hesitation, but went on in a clear and now very impressive voice, as of one who had a conscience in his speech—"of knowing that you were making your Christianity practical, and showing to these poor lost sheep afar off in the wilderness of an un pitying world, that one who calls himself by the name of the Great Shepherd of souls is filled with His divine pity, and moved by His loving spirit."

"Sir!" exclaimed the deacon, with a stern air and countenance. "Sir! you have gone too far!"

"I trust not," replied Mr. Trueford, with a calm dignity that baffled the mill-owner, and struck his pharisaic anger deeper. "If there is nothing in what I have said, let it pass as the idle wind; but if the truth of God be in it, I pray you let it sink into your heart. I think God is speaking to us both; and it will be best for both of us if we give heed to what He is saying."

"It will be better for you, Amos Trueford," retorted the deacon, sharply, "to put a bridle on your tongue, and not presume to speak for me or for God either. You went too far on Saturday; and I should have rebuked your infidel boldness then. It must stop here and now! One word more, and you and I part!"

"As you will," returned the overseer. "I am not here as your judge or monitor; but to serve you as faithfully as I can in the mill. I have only sought to make my service higher and better, and if, in seeking to do it, I have ventured too far, you must forgive me for the sake of my good intentions."

He went out, leaving the deacon in great excitement. His self-esteem; his pharisaic pride; his religious dogmatism; and his sense of spiritual elevation as compared with this non-professor, whose speech he considered blasphemous when he talked about God, were all assailed and hurt. He was angry; and flowing into his anger came a feeling of contempt and rejection. He was not going to be turned into even a right course by a presuming fellow like this, who set himself up as his judge; and while yet in the gall of bitterness and in the bond of iniquity, took upon himself to talk to him about God and his duty. The thing was an outrage! And as he dwelt upon it, and narrowed down his view to this one aspect of the case, he drifted back into his former state, and was the Deacon Strong of old; living, for the time being, among the old associates of his inner world of thought and feeling, and taking from them the counsel and comfort he needed. Very closely did they hold his mind to a consideration of his worldly advantage, and the danger of loss if he permitted himself to be drawn away from common sense and experience in the management of his affairs. They scouted at the visionary notions of Deborah and Mr. Trueford, and inspired him with a feeling of contempt for their professions of interest in humanity, which was not—for in his view it could not be genuine. It was an offense for these heretical, not to say infidel, pretenders to a virtue higher than that of the saints, to set themselves in judgment upon one holding his high place in the church, and his indignation against them grew hot as the spiritual companions who were in agreement with his life and faith kept his thoughts busy and magnified himself to himself.

A conflict, invisible to mortal eyes, was now imminent; a conflict on which hung great issues in Kedron. Through the agency of a simple-minded but truly religious woman who took Christ's words literally when He said of love to the Lord and love to the neighbor, "On these two commandments hang all the law and the prophets,"

and the agency of a godless unbeliever, as he had styled Mr. Trueford when comparing him with himself, Deacon Strong had been brought within the sphere of angelic spirits who lifted his mind into a region where he could see with a clearer vision. From them there had flowed into his thoughts truer ideas of God, and juster conceptions of duty. They had uncovered for him the foundations on which his spiritual house was builded, and revealed only sand in place of the solid rock he had thought beneath him. They had endeavored to inspire him with high and noble aims; to lead him to use his ample means and large influence in doing good in his day and generation. They had tried to touch his heart with pity for the poor; to remove the veil from his eyes so that he could see the dreadful wrongs that were following in his footsteps as he walked through the world; to lift him above himself and nearer to God. And for a little while they were able to influence him for good.

But, now, he had turned from these heavenly friends and counsellors, and was again consorting with the old companions of his soul, and suffering them to lead him. They flattered his self-love, and inflamed his cupidities, and restored the dominant pride which gave him so fine a sense of personal superiority as compared with other men. He felt strong again, ready to lord it over the weak and trample down whatever set itself in his way.

But there is a Providence with all men, leading, controlling, hindering or baffling; and there was no exception in the case of Deacon Strong. Do what we may, we cannot take ourselves for a single instant of time out of the sphere of this Providence, which acts upon and with each man, though with a difference according to his character. Its end is always the same—to withhold from evil and lead to good; but in no case to touch that freedom of will by which alone man is man and responsible for his actions. He stands in perfect equilibrium, but in the midst of opposing influences. Heaven is on one side, and hell upon the other; and he is at liberty to turn to whichever he will. From Heaven, angels come to him on the spiritual side of his life, and seek to inspire him with good affections and lift his soul to God; from hell, evil spirits draw near and do all in their power to fill his soul with their false persuasions, their evil lusts and their cruel passions. But neither angels nor devils can lead him against his will. He turns to the one or the other of his own choice. But the moment he so turns, all hell, or all Heaven is on his side. If he yield to the solicitation of evil spiritual associates, and so turn himself away from the angels, his perceptions become darkened, his lust excited and his self-love strengthened; but if he resist these solicitations, and so turn himself to the angels, their true thoughts and tender, unselfish affections will flow in upon his soul, and he will be filled with pure desires and noble, Christian purposes. If a man take the side of good spirits and angels, all hell cannot destroy him; but if he take the side of evil spirits, all Heaven cannot save him! God has given his destiny into his own hands; but in so giving it, He has made it possible

for him to rise into angelic life. If he does not, it is because he will not.

But our loving Father never leaves us in this simple equilibrium, to let the outcome be what it may. He knows that our inherited tendencies are all upon the side of evil, and that we are perpetually yielding to the solicitations of our spiritual enemies, and going over to their side; and that, unless we are brought back to a state in which angels can influence us, our ultimate destruction is certain.

To draw us back from the perilous condition into which our evil counsellors have brought us, is the never-ceasing work of His providence. Omnipotence might force us back; but force would destroy our freedom of will, and then we would cease to be men. God cannot save us by destroying us. Of ourselves, like the suffering and repentant prodigal, we must return to our Father's house.

As in the case of the Prodigal Son, so in the case of all who have wandered from God under the enticements of selfish and worldly influences, suffering is the benign agent that leads us back. Deep and agonizing mental suffering with one, and bodily suffering with another, according as this or that may have power to quicken the conscience. One man suffers a great misfortune, and is suddenly reduced from riches to poverty; another is stricken in his body by accident or sickness, and shut up for months in a lonely chamber; death comes in and desolates another's household, and makes silent the chambers where once the voices of children made all the air musical. In a hundred different ways the hand of Providence troubles the false security of men and women, and by the way of suffering leads them back from the wilderness of sin into which their feet have strayed. In such times, the things of this world look poor and mean in comparison with the grand and glorious things of a higher world. Men see that they have been feeding on husks; while in their Father's house immortal food is spread awaiting their return; and willingly, nay, often eagerly, do they turn their feet thitherward, and go back, walking in the God-given strength vouchsafed to every one who will accept and use it.

It is not for the sake of himself alone that a man, spiritually astray, is so troubled in his natural life; but for the sake as well of others, upon whom he may act for good or evil. No one stands isolated in this world. Every word we utter, everything we do, every impression we make upon society, is beneficent or hurtful. We are parts of a great whole—members and organs of a grand social man—and cannot possibly live to ourselves alone. This being so, the providence of God in its regard for the individual has regard also for every other man who may be affected by his life in the world; and the discipline and suffering required to break the selfish evil will, and turn a man from ways that lead to everlasting destruction, are as much for the sake of his neighbor as himself.

Deacon Strong, as we have seen, was a man of large influence in Kedron; and, unhappily, that influence was on the wrong side. Men and wo-

men who came near him were rarely benefited by the contact. He had a strong, absorbing power, and generally took from society more than he gave. He was like an organ in the human body that received more than it distributed, and grew larger, in proportion, than its neighboring organs, but in so growing disturbed the orderly life of the whole body of which it was a member, and laid the foundation for disease and suffering.

In the providence of God that regarded him with the rest, and operated for the good of all, he had been warned both by Deborah and his overseer; and, aroused by this warning, he had paused in the way he was going. Through them he had been lifted into a higher region, and enabled to see the wrong he was doing in society, and the unchristian character of his life among men. There had been conviction of sin, a movement toward repentance in his heart, and the fruit of good deeds had already made their appearance.

But this better state was not permanent. Too quickly flowed on again, and with a force made stronger by temporary obstruction, the current of his old selfish life. To him there was no delight in giving, no satisfaction in going out of himself and taking concern for others. Of his own free will he turned from the heavenly guests who were trying to lead him into the safe way of duty and self-denial, and took counsel with the evil spirits whose suggestions were in harmony with his depraved and selfish nature. He was making a sad mistake. But God could not let him alone. His soul, and the souls of all who were affected by his life, were immortal and precious; and infinite love and mercy must still strive with him for their sakes as well as for his own. If he would not hearken to the still, small voice of God in the murmur of summer airs, he must hear it in the rush and roar of the storm, and in the crash of a falling house he had builded on the sand!

CHAPTER XV.

THE deacon's state was becoming worse than before his heart felt the touches of pity. He was like the man out of whom the unclean spirit had gone; he was walking in dry places, or in a mental region where no streams of heavenly truth were flowing, seeking rest and finding none. And now he was preparing to return unto his house—his old condition of faith and life—and with seven other spirits more wicked than himself to dwell there again, his last state in danger of becoming worse than the first.

The door of his office opened, and a small, wasted-looking man, with large, hungry eyes gleaming out from their deep sockets, came in. He hesitated, shuffling in his gait. It was Peter Ober.

"What do you want?" demanded the deacon in a rough, impatient voice that caused the intruder to start, look frightened and move back toward the door through which he had entered.

"I—I—sir. I wanted to—to—ask, sir. If—if—"

But the poor man could not make known his request. He had come to ask a little favor, even the payment in advance of one dollar on his

week's wages that he might get some sorely-needed refreshment for his sick wife. The small sum received on Saturday had nearly all been paid to the storekeeper for food already consumed, and what remained went but a little way in supplying their most pressing needs. Monday morning found Peter without a cent in his pocket. The stomach of his wife had refused the coarse food which he had eaten with the relish of hunger; and it was to get her some daintier morsels that he had come to ask this small advance on account of wages. But the deacon's manner, so changed from what he had expected to find it, frightened and confused him. His petition died on his tongue.

"What are you here for? Why don't you go to Mr. Trueford?" demanded the deacon, scowling, as he waved his hand toward the door.

Peter Ober staggered back, as if he'd been struck, and in a moment after disappeared from the office.

The deacon did not use profane language. That would have been very wicked. But the angry execration that leaped into his thought was bitter with cursing.

Mr. Trueford found him, not long afterward, sitting moodily at his desk.

"What did Ober want?" he demanded of the overseer, looking at him with knit brows.

"The advance of a dollar on his week's wages," replied Mr. Trueford.

"He can't have it," said the deacon, in a hard and positive voice. "It's just the way—give an inch and they'll want an ell," he continued, in tones of angry annoyance. "I knew how it would be when you let him have his wages on Friday. We pay on Saturday, and not a dollar shall be given out hereafter except at that time. And see here, Mr. Trueford, I'll have no more of the folly we enacted last week. I wish the time kept as usual, and the loss marked as usual."

"But you don't mean to dock as usual," surprise mingled with regret in the overseer's voice.

"Yes, I do. I understood what I was about when I made the regulation, and was a fool ever to have deviated from it. It's all your fault; and for the trouble that may come of it you will be to blame. Hereafter, please to mind your own business."

There was a great deal of asperity in the deacon's manner.

"The mill is yours," said the overseer, with a quiet dignity that fretted his employer. He made no further remark, though the deacon sat confronting him and waiting for him to go on.

Mr. Trueford was turning to his own desk for the purpose of making some entry in one of the account-books, when the other said, sharply: "I wish it understood, once and for all, that you are not to come again between me and any of my people. I make my rules to suit myself, and if any one doesn't like them, he's at liberty to go elsewhere. What's the good of a rule if it isn't kept. There is no easier way to demoralize a community than by letting them evade the law, or set it at defiance. I expect all sorts of trouble this week. But I'll bring matters back to the old order of

things or something will break. And if you'll accept a friend's advice, Mr. Trueford, you'll keep out of my way."

"I trust you will come into a better mind before the week closes," remarked the overseer.

"A better mind! How dare you, sir!"

The deacon's face grew dark with the congesting blood that flowed into it. There was menace in his tones.

Mr. Trueford made no reply, but turned to his desk and began writing in the account-book. He was hurt and deeply troubled. In imagination, he had seen a new order of things at the mill; and his heart had been going out into it with a glow of pleasant feeling. Thought had become busy with plans and improvements. He saw changes in progress both inside and outside of the establishment; changes affecting the lives, characters and external condition of the work-people. A better ventilation of all the rooms was to be made; improved machinery substituted in some of the departments, by which better results, with less wear and tear of nerve and muscle, could be gained; and more humanity, and less injustice, made to prevail. He had already given thought to the cost of repairing and improving the miserable hovels owned by the deacon, and let to many of his operatives at a rental which gave him twenty-five per cent. a year on their cost. How this desert had begun to blossom in his fancy, as the rose!

The weight that came down upon Mr. Trueford's feelings was felt as a bodily pressure also, and as he wrote his head bowed low over his book. Tears came into his eyes, blurring his sight. He was in the bitterness of a great disappointment; and the bitterness, as it went deeper, began to stir his indignation and arouse him to new courage. The old, weak, craven spirit had died out after his first encounter with the deacon, and he felt the strength and confidence of his new-found manhood. Not for himself had he braved the anger of one who had so long trampled on and despised him, but for the sake of the poor who were oppressed and wronged. And should he desert them now, because their oppressor was turning again to set his iron heel upon their necks?

"As ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." He remembered now these words of our Lord, and felt them as spoken to himself and for this occasion.

"If brave, true words can help them, I will speak the words," said the overseer to himself. He raised his bent head, and turning, looked at Deacon Strong, who was still glowering at him. There was not much to count on in the coarse, iron face he saw before him.

"Wait a little, Deacon Strong," said Mr. Trueford, speaking calmly, but with great earnestness. "The new way may prove better than the old way. The week has begun auspiciously. A larger percentage than usual of our hands are at work, and a better spirit prevails."

He was not able to go any farther. The deacon's pent-up wrath exploded, and he raved in a blind sort of fury for several minutes, ending his half-insane denunciation of the overseer, by saying:

"If you presume to speak of this again, I'll dismiss you from my service!"

It was on the lip of Mr. Trueford to say that he would consider himself dismissed, and look out for another place; but he forbore, thinking it best not to speak in the heat of his indignation. But of one thing he was there resolved—to leave the deacon's service at the first opportunity for exchange that offered, unless a different order of things could be inaugurated at the mill. He would not be a party to the old oppressions any longer.

On leaving Deacon Strong's office, Deborah went directly home, walking with hasty steps. The strain on her feelings had been very great; and as the unnatural enthusiasm into which she had been wrought died out, it left her body weak and her mind depressed. Shadows fell upon her. Doubt and sadness came into her soul. She had lost herself for a brief time, and drifted out upon an unknown sea; and the incident was troubling her spirit.

The little strength that remained gave out as Deborah reached her chamber, and she fell across her bed in utter exhaustion, where she remained so still, for almost the space of an hour, that one looking at her would have thought her fainting, or in a deep sleep. She had taken up a burden of duty too heavy for one so frail of body and sensitive of soul; the strain had been too severe, and nature was exacting her penalty.

When Deborah rose from the bed, she was very pale, her eyes heavy, and her mouth almost sad in its expression. After bathing her face, smoothing back her hair, and making some changes in her dress, she sat down with the Bible in her hands and read for a long time, deeply absorbed in its pages. When she laid the volume aside, a more serene look was on her countenance; but the color did not come back. For the next hour she was busy with her needle. At the end of this time Mrs. Conrad came into her room and said, in great excitement: "Such a dreadful thing has happened! Deacon Strong has been caught in some machinery and nearly crushed to death! They've just carried him past on a settee. They say he's awfully hurt, and can't live."

Deborah clasped her hands together in mute pain, her face growing whiter. Then, lifting her eyes upward, she said: "May God pity him!"

"Which is more than the deacon does to any one else," broke in Mrs. Conrad, her dislike asserting itself. "It's a judgement on him for—"

"Hush!" said Deborah. "Don't say that. God is love."

"And suppose He is?" returned Mrs. Conrad; "does that alter the case? Not a bit of it! I wouldn't give much for His love for the weak and poor if He didn't bring up their oppressors with a round turn now and then, as He's just done with the deacon. That kind of love means something."

"Hush! hush!" answered Deborah, putting up her hands. "Let us not presume to speak for God."

"But you see, Miss Norman, the thing's done, and nothing happens by chance, you know. The deacon's an old hypocrite, and has been grinding his poor people at the mill awfully. Now the

Bible tells us that the oppressor shall be cast down and utterly destroyed. That the wicked may flourish for awhile like green bay trees, but the time will come when, 'Lo, they are not!' And maybe the deacon's time's come. It won't be any loss to Kedron when he goes out; but a good riddance; and I for one will say, 'Amen!' Oh, you needn't look so dreadful about it, Miss Norman! I wouldn't hang him nor shoot him myself. But if God will just take him off, I don't care much in what way He does it. It will be all right, of course."

"Was any one else hurt?" asked Deborah.

"I didn't hear," replied Mrs. Conrad. "But I guess not. They're all hurt bad enough as it is, and this about sets them even."

Deborah had arisen while Mrs. Conrad was speaking, and was putting on her cloak.

"Where are you going?" asked the latter.

"To see how badly friend Strong is hurt."

"You are not going to do anything of the kind," was the positive reply. "That's the doctor's business, not yours. So just take your things off again. I shall have something to say about this."

And Mrs. Conrad showed a spirit in her manner that Deborah saw would be supplemented by physical force if needed.

"If you're so anxious to know how he is," added Mrs. Conrad, "I'll run up to the deacon's house myself and find out everything. But you're not going."

And she took Deborah's cloak away from her and threw it across a chair.

Deborah was passive to this assertion of authority on the part of her kind-hearted friend.

"As you will," she replied, dropping back into the weaker state of mind from which she had been aroused by the news of Deacon Strong's accident, and again conscious that strength had gone out of her.

It was nearly half an hour before Mrs. Conrad's return. During the time, Deborah's thoughts were restless and disturbed by questions of duty, and especially her duty toward the deacon. Was there not a providence in this disaster which had fallen upon him? She had already helped to stir his heart with good impulses, and awaken in his soul a sense of responsibility to which he had before seemed a total stranger. Might not this be to him only the beginning of a new state—the breaking up of the hard soil of his natural mind by the ploughshare of suffering, so that the good seeds of charity could be sown therein, take root, and bear precious fruit?

Such were her thoughts when Mrs. Conrad came back, showing a sober face as she entered Deborah's chamber.

"How is he?" was the eager question that met her as she came in.

"The doctors say he's all broken to pieces," answered Mrs. Conrad, "and that it will be as much as the bargain if he escapes with his life."

"Where is he hurt?" asked Deborah.

"All over. Both legs are broken, and one arm is mashed so that it will have to be cut off. Two or three ribs are crushed, and he's hurt badly inside."

A faintness came upon Deborah, and she would have fallen from her chair if Mrs. Conrad had not caught her in her arms, and carried her to the bed. The good old lady then refused to answer any more questions about the deacon.

"You're not fit to hear of such dreadful things," she said. "Don't think any more about it. It's done, and can't be helped; and the deacon's only got himself to blame. If he'd had any bowels of compassion for other people, God wouldn't have sent this judgment upon him. You needn't look at me so! Things don't come by accident. And when a man like Deacon Strong is brought up all standing, you may be sure that God's hand is in it."

"But only in a permissive way," said Deborah, in a faint voice.

"It doesn't matter at all how it's done," replied Mrs. Conrad. "The hand of God is in it all the same. He sets up whom He will, and puts down whom He will; and He's put the deacon down in a way that he'll not soon forget."

Deborah drew a deep sigh. She did not feel strong enough for an argument with Mrs. Conrad, and so remained silent. A great weakness had fallen upon her. For many days the strain on her nerves had been severe and unusual. Though long given to good works and ministrations, her life had been quiet and unobtrusive. It was only recently that she had felt constrained to bear testimony against some of the grosser wrongs that curse society, and to rebuke and warn evildoers. Only after a long period of prayer and self-repression, and struggle with a sensitive and retiring nature, had she found courage to set her feet in the ways to which she felt herself called. The unnatural strength, born of a high purpose, which had sustained her up to this time, was ebbing now; and as the wave receded, it left her weak, depressed and, for awhile, almost helpless. In this state, which continued for a great many days, she was passive in the hands of Mrs. Conrad.

The deacon was very badly hurt. Just how he got caught in the machinery that nearly crushed his life out, he could never tell. He was not in a good state of mind when, about an hour after the reader left him in his office, he took a tour of inspection through his works. He did not feel kindly toward anybody or anything. It had come into his thoughts, absurdly enough, that his overseer had entered into a league with his people against him; that his rule at the mill was to be subverted, and that a new order of things, more favorable to them, and, of course, adverse to his interests, was to be introduced. All Mr. Trueford's talk about the good-will of this one and that; the cheerful spirit with which the week opened; and the promise of larger results at the week's end, he regarded as a mere blind to deceive him. With a feeling of angry contempt he rejected it all, and set his mind, with its whole strength, to his new purpose. He would restore everything to the old order; he would rule with a rod of iron as before, and make his will the law of his business. How clearly it came to his mind, that to substitute the will, and wishes, and selfish interests of his work-people for his own in the management of

his establishment, would be the blindest of all follies. As well might the captain of a ship consult his sailors about the discipline of his vessel! They were, in his estimation, a thriftless, shirking, ill-assorted crew at the best, whom he despised. He had no goodwill toward them, and in his heart grudged the wages he was compelled to dole out every week.

A man in his mood finds plenty of evil counsellors in the spiritual associates that gather around him, attracted by his peculiar state of feeling. The better angels of his life are pushed away and held so far off that they cannot influence or protect him. He can no longer hear their truer and better suggestions; he can no longer feel their softening and humanizing sphere. Heaven recedes and hell comes near. They who dwell with God in that love of His precepts which inspires obedience, dwell in a region of comparative safety. They are not in the danger that surrounds men who suffer themselves to come under the influence of evil associates both as to the inner and outer life. We all know that there is more personal danger in associating with bad men than with good men. They prey upon, and hunt and kill each other in the heat of passion. No one can be called safe in their company.

Now, in coming under the influence of evil spiritual associates, we come likewise into great danger. They are not our friends; and they gather about us, attracted by our selfishness, our lusts and our evil passions, seeking to do us harm. The greatest injury they can do is to pervert our minds by false persuasions, and corrupt our hearts by filling them with evil desires. But is it not possible for them to go beyond this? May they not, in some moment of bodily peril, so blind and obscure our perceptions as to make it impossible for us to see the way of escape? If angels and good spirits were our close companions then, they could give presence of mind so that we might see the way out of danger. But evil spirits would not do this, but rather seek to confuse our thoughts and dethrone our reason.

Very certain it was, that, as Deacon Strong went hither and thither through his mill, moving about under a pressure of feeling much higher than usual, and with a hard set mouth and a cold glitter in his un pitying eyes, he was not in the companionship of angels. The friends of his soul were not gentle, pure, loving, full of tenderness and charity; but accusing, cruel and pitiless. The men and women about him were not immortal souls for whom Christ died, but human machines out of whose nerves and sinews he was extracting money.

It happened that as he was passing through one of the rooms, a pale-faced girl who had charge of some spindles, caused, through some unsteadiness of hand, a derangement in the machinery. She was one of the girls in whom a temporary interest had been awakened in his mind. Her name was Lucy Jenks. The kindness shown by the deacon, and the genuine concern for her welfare which he had expressed to her mother, had put a new life into the weak and exhausted girl. Against her mother's wishes she had come to work this morn-

ing, trusting to gain such favor with the deacon as to lead him still further to consider her case and that of her sister Jenny, and give them easier positions in the mills. But she had miscalculated her strength. A sight of the deacon's clouded brows as he came into the room, dashed her spirits. She saw neither kindness nor pity in his iron face, but only stern and cruel exaction. Strength and hope went out of her heart. Her hands became unsteady and lost their skill. Then came a jar and whirr of machinery, the meaning of which the deacon's practised ear knew too well, and he turned upon her with a torrent of angry and threatening words that frightened the poor girl, and almost broke her heart, for had she not been hoping for good-will and kindness from the deacon, whose promises to her mother had been like green, refreshing places in the weary desert of her life. Like a cheating mirage, all was gone in an instant!

"Go home!" cried the deacon, in uncontrolled passion. "Go home, and stay home!"

Weak in every limb—so weak that she could scarcely stand—and trembling violently, Lucy Jenks shrunk out, many pitying eyes following her, and made her way home as best she could.

A dozen times every day had Deacon Strong stood just where he was standing when his wrath poured itself out on the frightened girl. He knew every wheel and band in the mill; every lever, cam and pinion; every spot where circumspection was requisite; every dangerous place; and could have gone about blindfolded in safety. Strangely enough now, his first step after he had driven Lucy from the room was in the wrong direction, and ere the cry of warning that came from a dozen lips could reach his ears, a great iron arm had caught him by the shoulder and thrown him in among the crushing cogs, from which a few moments after he dropped into the room below a mangled and bloody heap of quivering flesh!

(To be continued.)

RACHEL DILLOWAY'S SON.*

BY MRS. JULIA C. R. DORR.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

SHE called him back after a while. "Robert! where are you?"

It seemed as if the silent tears she had been shedding had washed away the pain, the sorrow, the humiliation of years. A soft peace was on her face. Her eyes were radiant. Robert looked down upon her with a mist of tears gathering in his own.

"This has been such a terrible mistake," he said, as he took her hand. "But it is all over now; and I think you have been drinking of the fountain of youth since I left you twenty minutes ago!"

Her lips quivered. Her newly won joy was something too sacred to talk about; but she knew there must be much that her companion longed

both to hear and to tell. In a very few words she told him of the events of the last few days, and of the box she had seen in Rose's room.

"Tell me something about Isabel Leighton!" she said, drawing him to a seat beside her. "I have a very different sort of interest in her now. O Robert!"

She stopped short, again overcome by the rush of commingled emotions.

"I know," he said. "You have been in the fiery furnace. Sometime you shall tell me all—when you are stronger and calmer."

He was hardly stronger, hardly calmer himself. The ghost of the past had confronted him, too, that day. But he told her a long story, feeling sure that every word he spoke was effacing some scar, and healing some wound. With every stroke of his brush he was blotting out the old, and painting in the new.

He had met Isabel Leighton in Paris, the year before his brother Royal went abroad. Her father was connected in some official way with the American Legation. He lived elegantly and entertained handsomely, making his countrymen especially welcome to his hospitable home. It was the old, old story. Isabel was young, brilliant, beautiful and bewitching. Robert was young, ardent and susceptible; all the more so perhaps, because until circumstances threw him into close association with the Leightons, he had devoted himself entirely to his studies, seeing nothing of the gay life of Paris.

Mr. Leighton, a southern gentleman of wealth and high social position, was proud of his young compatriot, who was already rising into eminence. More than that, he liked him personally, and made him feel that he was always a welcome addition to the family circle. As for Isabel herself—

"Well—" said Robert, covering his eyes with one hand and stroking his brown beard with the other—a fashion of his when deeply moved. "I do not blame her; I never have blamed her. She did not know what she was about, perhaps, any more than I did, until it was too late. The horse was stolen, you see," he added with a faint smile, "before she thought to lock the stable door."

"She learned to love me, I cannot doubt, almost unconsciously; and when the knowledge of my love and of her own broke upon her, she floated idly on the soft, warm current for awhile, happy in the present, and taking no thought for the future. But she was even then engaged to the man she afterward married—and for weeks she did not tell me. That was her great mistake. He was much older than herself, a friend of her father's, and his estate joined that of the Leightons. She felt for him a quiet, daughterly affection, and was content enough with her lot, I judge, until her evil destiny—and mine—threw us together. Then for awhile she overrated her strength. She thought herself—I am giving you her own version of the matter—strong enough to brave her father's anger, and the fierce displeasure of the whole army of Sterlings and Leightons, for my sake. But—she could not do it. It was a family arrangement, and it must be submitted to."

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1874, by Mrs. JULIA C. R. DORR, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

"What course did her father take? Was he harsh with her?" asked Rachel.

"He never knew anything about it," was the answer. "She would never allow me to speak to him on the subject; saying she could manage it herself better than I could. She knew, probably, that he would forbid me the house at once, for he considered the honor of the Leightons involved in the fulfillment of his daughter's pledge; and looking at the matter from his standpoint, I do not know that I could have blamed him. Then—besides—"

Robert hesitated for a moment, taking up the long, yellow curl, and holding it where it glittered in the sunshine.

"Oh—well!" he said, laying it back and looking at Rachel with a slight, half-questioning smile.

"You left your sentence unfinished," she remarked. "What were you about to say?"

"Isabel was fond of pomp, and luxury, and all 'the pride of life,'" he said. "I was a student—a mere man of books—living on the allowance made me by my father. A liberal one, it is true; but not such an one as would have maintained her in the style to which she had been accustomed. I have thought since that she knew her own nature better than I did; and that in spite of her love, which I never doubted, she would not have been happy in the home I could then have given her. But of course I did not see this in the exaltation of a first love-dream. I did not think much about the bread-and-butter question, in fact."

"And that was the end of it?"

"Yes—I was asked to join the African Expedition and I did so; I was glad to put an ocean between us. She came back to America and I never heard from her afterward. Rose and Daisy are not in the least like her. I cannot think of them as being her daughters."

"Rose's hair is like that," said Rachel, glancing at the curl. "I thought of it the first time I saw her."

"Yes; but there is no other resemblance. Daisy has blue eyes, but they are not like her mother's, though hers were like sapphires. The difference is in the expression, I suppose."

"How about the boxes, Robert? They are precisely alike—save that one has her monogram and one has yours."

"The boxes were a young man's whim—nothing more, unless you throw in a charitable impulse or two. There was a little Italian who kept a tiny shop in the Rue St. Martin. He did exquisite work; but whether it was owing to his invalid wife, or his blind father, or his crowd of children, he was always in trouble, always in want of money. One day I went to him in pursuit of some trifle, when he brought out these two boxes, finished save as to the monograms, and begged me to buy one of them for my wife, sister, sweetheart or friend. Isabel's birthday—we were cultivating a very Platonic sort of friendship just then—was drawing near; and, remembering it, I at once bought one, leaving it with him for the putting on of her monogram. When I went for it, two or three days after, I found him in great distress, his wife having died, one of his little boys being very ill, and his creditors clamorous for

money. I always had a passion for mosaics; and moved partly by the beauty of the little caskets, partly by the desire to help the man, and partly by a sentimental fancy, I finally took both, ordering my own monogram to be placed upon the other, and sent Isabel's to her on her *fête* day, filled with the choicest bonbons I could find in all Paris. I remember I took great pains in selecting them," he added, with a touch of irony both in his voice and in the half-smile that curled his lip for a moment. "Heigh ho! I wonder if that young fellow was I, Rachel—this very identical Robert Dilloway who is sitting here? Somehow I find it hard to recognize him."

The young people had come home from church long ago, and half the afternoon had worn away as they two sat there talking of Robert's past. Much was said which it would take too long to repeat here. But very little of it related directly to Rachel, or to the misunderstanding that had so shadowed her life. That was something it would not do to talk about, and Robert's delicate nature accepted the fact with but few words. Sometime she might be able to speak freely to him of all she had borne during those silent years; but it would not be to-day, nor to-morrow. If her sorrow had been reticent, her joy would be no less so. It was sacred, as her pain had been, to herself and to Royal.

But as he left the room he turned in the doorway, for some one of the last words that are always presenting themselves under such circumstances. It remains unspoken to this day. Rachel stood in the middle of the chamber with her hands clasped upon her breast, and her eyes uplifted to a crayon portrait of her husband that hung above her writing-desk. Her lips moved as if in prayer, and her face was rapt, intense, yet radiant with an ineffable joy.

Robert stole softly away, leaving her to her communion with her lover, who had been dead and was alive again, who had been lost and was found.

Katy had told of Professor Dilloway's arrival, and Roy could hardly wait for him to make his appearance down-stairs. Was his uncle's sudden return from New York connected in any way with his mother's unaccountable seclusion? Would the spell that had seemed to bind them all be broken now, and the shadow be lifted from the house? As hour after hour passed, his wonder and anxiety increased. Rose and Daisy had gone directly to their own room on coming in, and still remained there. He had no one with whom to talk, and to read was impossible. He could only sit in the library—and wait.

But when the professor came down-stairs, instead of joining him there, or even peeping in as was his wont, he went swiftly through the hall to the Tower-room; and before Roy could rush to the door and waylay him, he had locked himself in.

In sheer desperation, Roy took down a copy of *Sintram* from the shelf, feeling that he, too, dwelt in an enchanted castle, and that the company of the Little Master himself was hardly more to be dreaded than his own thoughts.

Some of you can understand the feeling that made Rachel dress herself as for a festival that day. It was the outward expression of the inward joy, and was as fitting as were the black robes she wore when Royal Dilloway was buried.

It was two hours afterward when Roy heard her step upon the stairs, and sprang to meet her. One glance at her face was enough. He drew her into the library and shut the door.

Do not ask me what passed between them. I think they never told any one. But by and by, when it was almost dark, there was again the rustling of soft, silken garments in the hall, and the sound of light footfalls, that made the hearts of both mother and son beat warmly. Both rose as the door swung silently inward, and Rosamond Sterling stood for an instant with downcast eyes, framed in the dark, arched portal. She had caught one swift glimpse of the room she supposed vacant, and had seen who were its occupants. Then she turned to fly, her cheeks flaming with sudden scarlet.

But Rachel glided—I use the word advisedly; no other can fitly describe the rapid, easy grace with which she reached the side of Roy's fair young love—Rachel glided across the large room, and laid her hand on Rose's shoulder.

"Do not run away from us," she said, softly. "Rose—my dear daughter!"

Rose cast one quick glance at her face, and in an instant they were locked in each other's arms.

"Roy has told me everything," Rachel whispered, "and we understand each other perfectly. There has been a sad mistake—but never was daughter more welcome to a mother's heart than you are to mine. Will you believe it, Rose?"

"Yes," she answered. "It would make me so wretched *not* to believe it!"

"And there's to be no going back to 'Aunt Jane's linter,'" said Roy, who had suddenly found his arms were long enough to clasp them both. "Out of the fulness of the heart the mouth speaketh;" and as the "linter" was the source of the young fellow's greatest uneasiness at that moment, it was of that he first spake.

"No," said Rachel, kissing the flushed cheek that was half-hidden on her bosom, "I cannot spare my daughter. She will live with her mother till she gives herself to you."

Daisy, who had followed Rose, stood a little apart during this scene, in wide-eyed wonder. It had passed very quickly, and no one had noticed the child. Just then she gave a little cry that seemed in doubt whether to be a laugh or a sob.

Rose turned instantly, with outstretched arms, while Roy extended his hand.

"Come here, my little sister," he said, putting both arms around her. "I shall be always on hand hereafter to pick you up out of snowdrifts, and to take care of you, lest at any time you dash your foot against a stone—and sprain your ankle."

"Why!" she said. "What does it mean? Are you—are you going—going to—" stopping short in a bewilderment that did not further speech.

"It means that your dear sister will be my wife one of these days," he answered. "Will you give her to me, Daisy?"

"You should have asked me that before it was all settled, I think," she said, trembling all over. "But I always told her how nice you were—nicer than anybody else!"

Whereat they all laughed—as happy folks will, upon the smallest provocation.

"But it means another thing, too," said Rachel, as she drew Daisy to her side. "It means that my life has suddenly grown very rich; and that I, who have been so much alone, am to have two little girls to love me, Daisy."

Robert entered the room just then. There was no need of words to explain the situation, and he waited for none.

"God bless you, my boy!" he said, clasping Roy's hand. But there was a grave tenderness in his manner, that only Rachel fully comprehended, as he kissed Rose Sterling's forehead and lifted Daisy to a seat upon his knee.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THERE need be no hurry. Even Roy felt that. And when Rachel said, in one of their many full, free talks: "This marriage is very dear to my heart, Roy. But you are both young, and delay in your case does not mean separation with its dangers and anxieties. It only means that you will be growing nearer each other day by day, and learning to understand each other better. I would be glad if the wedding-day might be postponed for a full year."

When she said this, her son answered: "It shall be just as you wish, mother. You shall give me my Rose when you see fit; in your own good time and way."

And Rose, who had been a little afraid of being hurried into a speedy marriage, whispered: "You are so good to me, Mrs. Dilloway; so good to take my part! For I did not want to be married just yet. We are happy enough as we are."

But there was no going back to the "linter," save on brief visits to Aunt Jane, whose kindness to her young lodgers was never forgotten. The seven trunks, and the pretty china, the pictures and the bronzes, were removed to Dilloway House; but all the other dainty appointments were left with the good old lady for Jane Maria's benefit, when she should come home on a visit to the little brown cottage on the Doncaster Road.

Rose took her place at once as the daughter of the house, who, God willing, would one day be its mistress. There were no attempts at disguises or concealments. Roy went about his daily business with renewed ardor, finding each day too short for what he wished to do and to learn; while throughout the warp and woof of the two lives that were one, and yet not one, ran the golden thread of a pure and happy love.

So passed the winter, and it was spring again. The wedding was to be in the autumn, and Rose was beginning to think about her trousseau. She had given it an occasional thought through the winter, for that matter, as what girl would not? Rachel, who had no false pride, and who knew perfectly well that Rose would be far happier if she felt entirely independent, as far as the question

of pocket-money was concerned, had said to her, in the general settling of affairs: "I want you to feel, my child, that you are to continue your dealings with Mr. Farrington, or not, just as best pleases you. He likes your designs and will always be glad to pay for them."

The grateful glance she received in reply, showed her that her knowledge of womanhood had not been at fault, and that she had relieved Rose of one source of perplexity. This putting forward of Mr. Farrington in the matter was a great help.

In this way quite a sum had accumulated in the little portemonnaie, for neither Rose nor Daisy had many wants. The pretty Parisian wardrobes had only needed certain renovating touches, now and then, to make them all that could be desired. But the *trousseau* was a stubborn fact, and a large one. Rose knew everything needful would be prepared for her joyfully; and with no thought or care on her part. Yet she had enough true womanly feeling, as well as enough of the pride of the dead Sterlings and Leightons, to wish that she could do the providing herself.

"Oh, if that copper mining stock was all right," she said to Daisy, one day, "what a comfort it would be!"

But there was one thing she could have, and no thanks to any one. And so, by slow degrees, the work of quiet hours in her own room, there grew beneath her fingers the loveliest flowers, delicate and graceful enough for the queen of the fairies. And the best of it all was that some tender, loving, joyful thought was interwoven with each snowy petal; and that the orange-blossoms themselves were not whiter than the soul of her who fashioned them.

It is a hackneyed saying that "Providence helps those who help themselves;" and it seemed to prove true in Rose's experience. Only a few days after she made the above remark to Daisy, Professor Dilloway, who was down on one of his frequent, flying visits, was running his eye over the morning paper. Suddenly he leaned back in his chair and pushed aside his coffee-cup.

"See here, young ladies," he said, "isn't this something that interests you? Seems to me I have heard there was a coppery odor to some of your affairs."

"The lack of it, rather," said Rose, laughing. "That's what we complain of. But what is it?"

He read aloud.

"It will be seen by a reference to notices in another column, that the Matapan Copper Mining Co. and also the Lake Mohegan Co. declare dividends of 10 per cent. for the year ending July 1st. This, as we understand, is quite a surprise to the stockholders and we congratulate them heartily."

"Well he may," said the reader, laying down the paper, "for he is one of them, and has not received a penny from his investment in ten years. But how is it, Rose? Haven't you an interest there?"

"Yes," she said, quietly, though every nerve in her body tingled with surprise and pleasure. "We have something like twenty thousand dollars there. I don't know precisely the amount."

"Who does know?"

"Mr. Stuart. He has all the papers—everything concerning it. He was my grandfather's lawyer."

"Well, I'll call and see him about it this very day, if you like. Some legal steps may be necessary. Or what if you were to go to town with me?—I'll engage to bring her back to-morrow, Roy!"

The preparations for the quiet wedding that was most in accordance with the wishes of all concerned were going on, when, one day, Robert sought Rachel in her morning room.

"I have been wanting to have a good talk with you for a fortnight," he said. "But these young people make such demands upon you, that it does not seem an easy thing to do. Can you give me an hour or so this morning?"

"Certainly," she answered, with a bright smile, "and more if you wish. Here's an easy chair for you."

He sat down, picking up a large Indian fan, and began to stroke the feathers the wrong way.

"Take care! You'll spoil the plumage of my bright-winged bird," she said, eyeing him curiously. "Why don't you begin your 'good talk'? I am waiting your pleasure."

"I see you are," he answered, with a slightly embarrassed laugh, as he dropped the fan. "Rachel, I wanted to talk with you about—our contingent fund."

"About your surplus revenue? Very well. I am ready to listen. It must have grown into quite a fortune by this time."

"Oh! there have been drafts made upon it several times for one thing or another. It can be nothing very alarming. Rachel!"

"Well, sir?"

"I want to give that money to Roy on his wedding day," he said, speaking rapidly. "Now don't say one word! It belongs to him—or to you—and you know it."

"I have been expecting some such wild proposition as that for some days," she remarked. "I felt it in the very air."

"And have been fortifying yourself against it, I know by your eyes and mouth. But I think you will have to yield to me in this matter, Rachel."

"If I do," she said gravely, fixing her large, gray eyes upon him, "if I do, it will be because you knowingly give me a real sorrow. I do not believe you are willing to do that, Robert."

He hesitated a moment, frowning a little.

"Let me give it to Rose, then," he said.

"Which of us is supposed to be the unsophisticated party, you or I?" she asked, a smile playing about her mouth. "Rose or Roy—it amounts to precisely the same thing, does it not?"

"Well—tell me just what you think about it then," he said, throwing himself back in his chair with a little sigh. "I would like to know just what your objections are, if I could."

"You can," she answered. "In the first place, I have a wholesome regard for the provisions of your father's will. In the second place, I never could see the wisdom of carrying coals to Newcastle. The children will be rich enough without it. In the third place, if you find it an intolerable burden, there are plenty of ways for getting rid of

it without throwing it on our shoulders. In the fourth place—"

"In the fourth place, you are determined to convince me that if a woman

"* * will, she will, you may depend on't;

And if she won't, she won't; so there's an end on't."

Very well. I acknowledge myself vanquished. But now, my lady Imperatrix, tell me what I may do! For as for using that money for my own personal necessities or gratification, I never shall. So there's another point settled."

Rachel smiled, but remained silent. She was thinking.

"Or rather," he went on, after a moment, "tell me what *we* may do. For whatever is done will be your doing as well as mine."

"So be it!" she said. "We won't quarrel about trifles. If a song be well sung, the name of the singer matters little. What would you like to do, Robert?"

"I hardly know," he answered. "I think I would like to do something for Woodleigh, if I might."

"But that is my work; mine and Roy's. I want him to feel that his father's mantle has fallen upon his shoulders, and that it belongs to him to carry out and perfect his father's plans."

"But I have an interest in Woodleigh," he said. "You forget that I, too, am a Dilloway."

"No, I do not. Never think that, Robert. But your field is wider. Leave this little village to us; and do you do something else. Let your beneficence be broader and more far-reaching, as your work has been."

His eye kindled.

"What do you mean, Rachel? Tell me!"

"Is there nothing more you can do for the mistress whom you have served so long and well?" she asked. Has 'star-eyed Science' no claim upon you?"

"Would you like me to acknowledge that claim, Rachel?" he cried, eagerly. "It has been in my thoughts for years. But I felt that it belonged to you to say what should be done with this fund of—ours; and I thought you would choose to devote it to the good of Woodleigh."

"We do not need it here," she said. We have our schools, our pretty church, our reading-room and our free library. There is no large want unsupplied. Woodleigh does not need charitable institutions nor hospitals. Let the world, and not this little corner of it alone, have the benefit of whatever you can do."

"God bless you, Rachel!" he exclaimed, getting up to pace the floor as he always did when moved by some rushing tide of thought. "God bless you for giving voice to the wishes that have slumbered within me for months and years! This money would set the museum on a firm foundation, and go far towards establishing such a scientific school as I wish to see connected with it. If that were once accomplished, I should be almost ready to say 'now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace.'"

"Found your school then, and let it bear your father's name; and make your museum strong enough to live after you are dead. Of course you

cannot do it alone, but a good beginning is half the battle."

"It shall be a thank offering," he said, coming back to his seat beside her. "An offering made on Roy's wedding-day. Our lives are very rich, Rachel."

"Yes," she said, "notwithstanding all loss and pain. The stream broadens and deepens as it rolls onward to the sea. There is so much more of it, Robert, than there was when it started."

"It grows as it goes," he quoted. "But I shall never cease to regret your long years of seemingly needless sorrow, Rachel, for which I am in one sense accountable. It pains me to think of it."

"Then don't," she said. "Don't think of it. It is all over now, and Royal knows—"

She stopped suddenly, and was silent for a moment or two. Then she went on.

"The pain of those years has left no scar, Robert. At least I think it has left none. I don't know why, unless it was because, after the first terrible shock was over, I did not wrestle with it; nor struggle. I just bore it; and after awhile it became so much a part of my life that I scarcely recognized its presence. You must not think I have been a wretched woman all these years, because it would not be true."

He looked at her earnestly.

"I am glad to hear you say that," he said. "And yet you hardly need to say it. No wretched woman could have kept a face like yours—so calm and sweet, and with so much of Heaven's own peace in it."

She did not reply, save by a slow shake of the head. But after awhile she said, turning the face he had praised towards him.

"It is for your sake chiefly that I regret there was ever any reason for such a mistake. Your life, after all, is far less rich than mine. I shall always be sorry, Robert, that the memory of Isabel Leighton has kept you from love and marriage, even though science may be the gainer."

He started and his color rose, as he gave one quick glance at her face. Then he resumed his pacing of the floor.

"Isabel Leighton's memory?" he said. "Did you think it was that? You are mistaken, Rachel!"

"At least," he went on, after a long pause, "it is many years since any thought of her has come between me and the chance of other ties. My love for her was a bewilderment, an intoxication—but in the course of time I came to my senses as other intoxicated men do; and I knew then that, save in her beautiful person, she was not what my imagination had painted her. I have long known that hers was not the rich, womanly nature, in which alone I could have found the fulfillment of my heart's desire."

Something in his voice and manner that had never been there till that moment, made Rachel breathless and dumb before him. Perhaps a flood of light broke in upon her, and perhaps not. I cannot tell. At all events, she held her peace, while a little ray of sunshine crept round and crowned her as with an aureole.

"But after awhile," said Robert, still walking

back and forth, and speaking seemingly as much to himself as to her. "But after awhile fate threw another woman in my way—a woman who was the very imbediment of all for which my soul had yearned."

He paused for an instant and then went on rapidly, changing his tenses.

"She—this woman—is strong, and sweet, and tender. She has loved and she has suffered. She has sounded the heights and the depths of human experience. She is one to be revered as a saint, and yet she is still young enough and fair enough to be most passionately loved. We have been close friends, almost like brother and sister, for many years, and I have so guarded myself that she has not once dreamed of my love for her. I did not mean that she should ever know it. But

'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch
To gain or lose it all!'

Shall I tell her, Rachel?" he said, pausing beside her chair, and speaking in tones husky with emotion. "I place the whole matter in your hands. Shall I tell her?"

How swiftly Rachel's thoughts had moved during the last few minutes, how much ground they had covered, and what lightning-like decisions they had formed, only a woman may know. She saw, as in a panorama, her whole past and her whole future, and the loneliness of the years that were to come. For even Roy's marriage, which was in itself a joy, would inevitably take something out of her life.

As she looked, her heart gave one quick bound.

To be first again with some one, to know that still to some one she was the dearest being on earth—surely that would be sweet! For if, as Robert had said, she was still young enough to be loved, so she was still young enough to love; and forty-three has more to give than eighteen.

For a moment she hesitated, while Robert stood by her side, not touching her, but with his eyes fixed upon her face. Then she put out her hand and clasped his.

"Don't tell her, Robert," she said. "Be her friend, her brother, always. But don't tell her. It is not best nor wise."

And he never did.

Shall I stop here, or shall I give you one scene more?

It is the night before the early morning wedding. Everything is in readiness. The house is still and sweet, filled with the fragrance of lilies and violets. Rose and Daisy are up-stairs in their dainty chamber.

Roy is in his mother's dressing-room, watching her, soberly, yet happily, as she arranges a basket of flowers.

He knows where it is going.

Suddenly his eyes fill with tears, his breath comes quickly, he leans over and kisses her forehead.

"Mother!" he cries, "there is no rue in your basket."

"No," she answered, with a soft smile. "No, my dear Roy, 'for now in all my garden grows no single root of rue.'"

THE END.

Humorous.

AUNT RUSHA'S EXPERIENCE WITH AGENTS.

BY SUSAN B. LONG.

IS'POSE the way it begun was—er that seemed tew be the agrivatin' cause—thet 'long some-time in the latter part uv Jinewary, I sent a post'l caird tew the "Chang Chang" folks in Pheldehy, askin' fer their cirkylers. I didn't care much about it myself—I don't hev much use fer sech things—but 'twas sech a kewris name, thet I thought I'd like tew see what 'twas, ef I never made no use on't. Well, arter I'd said what was needed 'bout the cirkylers, I jest mentioned thet we lived in a kinder quiet place, en agents uv one kind en another didn't often trouble us—I didn't know what was the reason—'twasn't 'cause we was so poor, fer most on us was purty fore-handid. Now I think on it, 'twas dretful foolish fer me tew say all this—there wasn't any need on't, en I hedn't any purpus in it—I jest happen'd tew—en I don't know es it hed anything tew dew with arter events, but it seemed tew, fer arter that, come the deluge—no, cirkylers, I mean. The Chang Changers sent thairn, uv coarse; but so did everybody else, it seemed. I don't live very handy tew the post-office, but gener'ly some uv

the nabers go there every day; en whoever goes, brings the mail fer the rest; en I guess, fer the next tew er three weeks, I everidged es much es one lot a day, Sundys not excepted. Some days, mebby, there'd come es many es three; en then some days, none. "Starch polish," "glossine," "Chinees inamil," en I don't know haow many other kinds uv that natur; but that wasn't all, by any means.

I can't begin tew 'numerate all the things—en some on 'em I should be ashamed tew mention—useful, en wonderful, en indispensable, thet I was respectfully en earnestly urged tew buy, fer my own use, er take an agency fer; all on 'em dirt cheap, en a chromo wuth tew er three dollars thrown in; en all on 'em "sellin' like wild fire," en makin' fortins fer "wide-awake agents" right along, without hardly a mite no aoutlay. It was a subject uv some wonder tew us—I mean the nabers en me—haow 'twas, thet they could afford tew sell an article fer twenty-five er fifty cents, en give a picter wuth a dollar er tew, inteu the bargain; but we s'posed they knew their own business.

But the cirkylers were a triflin' matter, compared with what follered; I mean the agents. Not

thet they wus *quite so newmerous*, but they wa'n't so readdyly disposed on. We couldn't throw 'em in the fire, en let that end it. The fust one was a woman, with some kind uv starch polish, I've fergot what; en she gin a chromo with every box sold. She did purty well—most everybody bought some—a good many jest fur the sake uv the pic-ters. The next tew er three dun purty well, tew, I guess. One on 'em was a book agent, en one hed several little notions—a combination needle-book, en a needle-threader among 'em—en *they* gin chromos, tew. Naow en then, one would happen along thet didn't give piceters, but they didn't hev much success. Arter six er eight hed ben along, the business begun tew decline a little; fer we found thet the more we incurrid 'em, the more there was on 'em; en, besides, we'd all got es many chromos es we knew what tew dew with. We talked some about puttin' 'em all together, en bevin' a public pieter gallery, only, the trouble was, there wa'n't variety enough. Deacon Scott said, thet es I hed ben the one tew interduce the "chromo disease," es he called it—he said 'twas 'most es bad es the measels er small-pox—he thought it would be a good idee fer me tew give notice thet we'd got a full supply fer the present, en shouldn't want any more for a good spell; but thet if there was any gentlemen er ladies anywhere thet would like tew sell us some corn intment, er rheumatic linymint, en a few sech simple en necessary articles, en would give ile paintin's, steel ingravins, en water-color sketches with 'em, we should be happy tew patronize 'em, jest fer the sake uv interducin' a little variety inter aour art collections.

So we hed some fun aout on 'em fer awhile, but bimeby they got tew be perfect nusences. Most on 'em was perlite en civil, en them I allus tried tew treat with respect, en guess I did; but some was purty toppin', en they got short answers en few on 'em. The wust was—but I s'pose they couldn't help that—they was purty sure tew come jest et the very wust time. Ef I was off uv garrit sweepin', there be sure tew come an agent a-poundin' away at the door, en sometimes they'd hev tew pound a good while 'fore I'd hear; fer I'm some hard uv hearin', but they'd stick tew till I did hear; er ef I was cookin' somethin' thet needed strict attention; er ef I was lernin' starched close; er was moppin' er scrubbin', with my sleeves en skirts pinned up, then was the very time fer an agent tew appear on the scene, en keep me parleyin' at the door, while my vit's was spilin', er my close dryin' on the lernin'-table.

En then, haow the nabers did laf at en plague me! They dew like tew git a joke on me; en they thought thet naow was a purty good chance fer 'em tew pay off some old debts; so, when a new agent come along, et every place he stopped, afore gittin' tew my haouse, they'd tell him thet I'd buy uv him. "Mebby I'd be kinder short et fust, but ef they'd hang on long enough, they'd succeed et last." In one er ter instancis they've actewally come back, arter I'd got rid on 'em, 'cause some uv the nabers hed persuaddid 'em tew, in some way—tellin' 'em thet I was hard uv hearin', en likely didn't understand, er smethin'.

I laffed es hard es anybody; told 'em thet ef I did bring the "disease" there, I guess't I hed the wust on't; but we'd be patient—like all diseases, it would hev tew hev its run, en it would begin tew mend arter awhile—there must be a crisis fust.

Well, it got tew be along inter April, en not much sign uv the nusence abatin'. One day, I was "sugin' off" on the kitchin stove. The suger was purty near done, en I hed tew watch it every minit tew keep it frum runnin' over. My little niece, Carrie, was there, en all at once she says: "O Ant Rusha! there's one uv them book men comin' in! He's got tew er three books in his han's."

Without lookin' up, I said: "Well, *yew'll* hev tew go tew the door for me, Carrie; I can't leave this suger. Now, don't be a mite afraid, but go right along en tell him thet I *don't want any uv his books*. I've got books enough en chromos enough, en I don't want *another one*."

Carrie was a real bashful little thing, but she spunked up, en marched off es brave es could be, en delivered my messij word fer word, she said, when she come back. She looked mighty proud en triumphant, tew.

"He pertendid thet he knew yew," says she, "en said he'd promised tew cull en leave the books, en tried tew make me take 'em all, whether er no; but I knew it was jest a *trick*, en he didn't *catch me*! Ef I'd a took 'em, he'd a come back in a day er tew, I s'pose, en made yew pay for 'em."

I ketched the suger-kittle off the stove, en run tew the sink with it, where I could look aout't the winder, en there I see the new minister, walkin' away in a great hurry, with the very books, I s'posed, thet he'd promised tew lend me. I couldn't bear tew tell Carrie who 'twas, when she was feelin' so praud about what she'd done; besides, she wa'n't tew blame—she'd never seen the minister; but I hurrid my suger-makin' threw, es quick es I could, en then fixed myself, en went right up tew his haouse tew make suitable apologies.

Well, this answered tew laff about fer a few days, en then there was another act in the dramy, in which tew new charicters took a purty active part. The new charicters was my young Devonshire cow, Cherry, en en old hen. The hen was the pluckyist little thing I ever see; so I named her Pluckie. Ef any strangers, er dogs, er cats interfered in any way with her domestic avications, there was a rumpus purty quick, en *she* gen'erly come aout best, when 'twas over. She hed a nest, en was settin', on the seaffil over the long stable in the barn. The caow was a dretful high-strung critter tew, en et that time was more obstropelous then common, fer she hed a caf on'y 'baout a week old, thet she was consider'bly exercised abaut. It was in the barn, in a little pen made off one end uv the hoss-stable, en it was purty resky business fer anybody thet she wa'n't purty well acquaintid with tew be seen goin' near that barn, I can tell you. I was as 'fraid es death uv her, en my tew neffews, en sometimes their father, tew, hed tew come over every night en mornin' tew 'tend tew milkin' on her.

Well, airly one mornin', along come a dapper little feller with a carpit-bag—en agent fer some paper, with a chromo 'tachment, es usyil—en he *was* es conceitid en airish es yew ever see, with his waxed mustash, en fancy cane, kid gloves, en scentid hangkercher, which he took great pains tew flourish ababout. I was purty busy, en I didn't waste many words with him, en he soon took his departer. In the course uv haf an haour I went tew the barn tew put some eggs under a hen that was wantin' tew set. Cherry see me, though she was clear tew the other side uv the paster, en up with her head, en startid fer me, but I hurrid on intew the barn-yard en shet the gate. I went intew the barn et one uv the great doors—they open ontew the barn floor—en left it open.

On one side uv the floor is the bay, en on the other is the long stable, with the scafill over it. There was a tall ladder that went up tew the scafill, en on up tew the big beams, over the floor. On each side uv the floor was board partition, mebbly four feet high. The hen's nest thet I was arter was in the bay, en I'd got over en put the eggs in the nest, en was ababout to begin the difficylt task uv climbing aout agin, fer the hay was purty low, en 'twas no very easy matter, when I heerd a short kind uv a beller frum some critter, en en awful skurryin' in the barn-floor. I looked, en there was that little serpent uv an agent with his carpit-bag, part way up the ladder, en Cherry in the middle uv the floor, a shakin' en tostin' her head, en snuffin', en her eyes lookin' like wild-fire. I understood the whole matter in a minit. Somebody, most likely Deacon Scott, hed sent the little plagy fool back tew harriss me intew subscribin' fer his paper, en he'd seen me go intew the barn en follered, en Cherry hed follered him, en he'd left the barn-yard gate open, probably 'cause he hedn't time tew shet it, she was so close, en so there was nothin' tew hender her follerin' right on intew the barn. She could see her caf, en that only made her the more feowryous tew git tew it, en I 'xpectid nothin' but what she'd half tear the barn daoun, en mebbly kill herself 'fore the fuss was over, en I was so mad et the little nunny thet I wantid tew skin him; but fer all that I felt like laffin tew see haow skairt he was. He was jest es pale es a ghost, en all uv a tremble. He got off uv the ladder ontew the scafill, en was kinder walkin' raound, lookin', I s'pose, fer some way tew escape. Purty soon he see me.

"That's a dangerous beast, ma'am," says he.

Cherry was makin' sech a noise, runnin' aout en en bawlin', thet he hed tew repeat his remark before I could understand.

"She aint of yew keep away frum her," says I. "She's a *vallyble* beast, en I don't think she ought tew be thought the less on fer mannyfestin' a nateral affection fer her offspring. I'd be willin' tew sell her, though," says I, "ef I can, afore she breaks her own neck. I'll take seventy-five dollars fer her, en give a chromo intew the bargain."

He snappt aout sumthin' ababout its bein' not a very suitable occasion fer jokin', en I begun tew say thet the occasion was one uv his own makin', but didn't finish, fer hostillytis hed begun frum a new quarter, en he hed enuff tew dew without

listenin'. In walkin' ababout, it seems, he'd unwittingly intrudid on Mistriss Pluckie, es she chose tew consider it in that light; en so, without the least warnin', she giv a squall en a dive fer his feet. I guess ef the barn hed ben fallin' daoun over my head, I should a lafft *then* tew see him kick en caper.

"Jerewsclem! What next?" says he; but the caow was a bawlin' en the caf a blairin', en so much confusion, thet I couldn't hear what else he did say; but I guess he swore a little.

Arter a dive er tew et his feet, Miss Pluckie set back en took a new start; this time fer his head. She knocked his hat off, en giv him tew or three good flaps with her wings, en a few good picks, afore he could knock her off. He did et last, en then he sprung fer the ladder, en scamper'd up it in quick time, en sot himself on the big beam, en she went cacklin' en cluckin' back tew her nest.

"Can yew tell me, ma'am, haow in thunder I am goin' tew get aout uv this den uv wild beasts?" says he, arter the noise hed quieted daown a little.

"No," says I, "I can't. I don't know haow I am tew git aout myself. There's no way only threw the great doors, en I darsen't attempt tew go thet way while thet caow is in sech a feowry."

The caow kep runnin' aout en raoun tew the stable door, en then in a minit back agin, en I couldn't see no way thet either on us could get away without runnin' the resk uv bein' killed. At last I noticed one uv the weather-boards close by me was partly sprung off et the bottom, en arter workin' awhile I bust it off enough so thet I manijed tew squeeze threw—en purty tight squeezin' it was, tew. I hurried right away arter the boys tew come en take charge uv Cherry. I told 'em when we was goin' back thet I'd got a chromo peddler treed up on the big beams, en Pluckie and Cherry keepin' guard, en they was in high glee ababout it, calkylatin' tew hev some fun with him; but when we got tew the barn we faound the prisener hed escaped. I s'pose he'd watched his opportunity when Cherry was aout, en scabbled daoun en over intew the hay, en so aout the same way I did.

The next time I see Deacon Scott, "Well, Rusha," says he, "the disease has come tew a head naow, haint it?"

"I guess it has," says I; en I declare, I b'leve that was the turnin' pint, en agents hev ben rather fewer en further between ever sence.

ARAB INGENUITY.—A gentleman who rode his own mare in the course of an Eastern tour, asked his Arab attendant if he was quite sure she always got her allowance. "Oh, yes," he replied; "my countrymen often steal from one another, and rob their friends' horses, but I can always find out if your mare has been cheated." "How?" "I always put some pebbles in with the barley—seven or eight—and count exactly how many I put in. The mare never eats the pebbles, and, if any one steals from the barley, he is sure to take two or three pebbles with it. If I find the pebbles short in the morning, I have hard words, and they cannot tell how I know, and so they give up cheating her."

Home-Life and Character.

THE DEACON'S HOUSEHOLD.

BY PIPSSISSWAY POTTS.

THIRD SERIES.—No. 6.

WE made everything look its very prettiest last summer when we were expecting the arrival of our brother home from college for the summer vacation. We had the house in tip-top order, and our fresh lawn dresses waiting, and the weather was delightful, and everything seemed to favor us. He was to come at night. We walked around and put on finishing touches, and I was so anxious to show off my plants that I moved the pots a good many times and ways to make them show to the best advantage. I had one pugnacious old cactus that he never liked, so I sat him in the background quite out of sight. I liked the bristling old fellow just because he never would say *die*, no matter what his treatment was.

Bub had not been in the house very long until he said: "Well, I must look about a little."

I took the lamp and showed him our new books first; then the new arrangements we made while cleaning house in the spring; then the new addition; and finally I stood before the plants in a careless, oh-that's-nothing way, and he fairly caught his breath at the bloom and fragrance. He stooped, and closed his fingers about the chin of a velvety monthly rose, when suddenly he said: "Oh, does that old cactus live yet! Why it has as many lives as a cat! Do you ever water it?"

I replied that I always watered it when I did the other plants.

"Well, I can tell you something new, then, that our teacher in botany told us," said Bub. "He said that the cacti needed no water, that they were succulent plants; that he had a large, rare one once that never bloomed, and he took special care of it because he wanted it to flower. He watered it, and watched it for years, but it grew not, nor was he rewarded by the spike of blossoms that he so longed to see. At last, in disgust, he threw it away, flung it among some bushes, and thought no more of it. Some time afterward he chanced to see something bright among the bushes, and, on examination, it was the cactus bursting into bloom. All it needed was to be left alone."

The next day I carried my pots of cactus into the garden, and put over behind the currant bushes next to the palings, where they would be slightly sheltered. In the fall, one of them had grown all over the edge of the pot, and down upon the ground, and was beginning to strike root in several places. The other, the admiration of all the neighborhood for four years, was sitting in among a nest of young cacti; really, she looked like a motherly old hen on a cunning brood of chickens that were peeping out from under her sheltering wings. These were easily cut off and removed to other pots ready to transfer to other homes.

Seems to me I hear some woman or girl say: "I wonder if the Pottses have good times when their boy comes home for vacation?"

Now, if I were a California girl, familiar with grizzlies, and Digger Indians, and the rude but expressive dialect of the born Californian, my answer would be, "*You bet!*" But I content myself with the smooth, tame, insipid, but courteous and faultless, "*We do.*"

I have told you that he never tires or wearies of the society of his sisters; no woman could ask a love kinder, more unselfish, more reverent or tenderer, than the love he gives them.

I did forget! I wanted to tell you last month, when I wrote of housecleaning, a little item of news that might have been of benefit to you, as it was to myself. It may not be too late now.

When we papered some of our rooms last spring, we could not get a border to match the paper. I didn't want a border on a deep blue ground—staring, glaring blue—when not a bit of blue was in the paper at all. The merchant said he could send and order it, but the girl who helped us was in a hurry to get through, and her time was engaged elsewhere, and I contrived a substitute that was very gratifying, very pretty, and cost but a mere trifle. I bought a roll of wall-paper that had a stripe of beautiful vine in it—three stripes in the roll. I cut these out, and we used them for a border, and they made an admirable substitute. One of the colors in a border should be one of the principal colors in the paper, else it will not harmonize and produce a pleasing effect.

I never said a word about it before any of my family, because I was ashamed of it; but I am sure it was owing to my negligence that so many of our chickens died last summer. Poor things! people called it the chicken cholera, when I am certain it was want of plenty of cold water to drink. They had a drinking-trough over toward the well in the shade, and I refused to let them drink anywhere about the kitchen pump. Sometimes I found their trough dry, and saw them standing around with drooping wings and fluffy feathers. The weather was very warm, and I am sure they did not have all the fresh water they needed, and the result was that they died by the dozen. After they became diseased, it was too late to do anything for them then.

I gave you a recipe for Graham bread and for Graham gems, but in case you are in a hurry, and have not time to make the bread raised with yeast, or if you have no gem pans, I will tell you how to make Graham short-cake; it can be made in a few minutes, and if your fire is right will be excellent.

Take one quart of buttermilk, or soured sweet milk, two eggs, one heaping tablespoonful of sugar, one teaspoonful of soda, and an even teaspoonful of salt. Put all the ingredients together,

and then stir in Graham flour to make a stiff batter. You need not stir it very much. Have your long bread-pan well greased, your oven piping hot, and then pour in the batter and bake quickly. Cut it out in checks like ginger-bread and serve hot.

We received such a cheery letter from a young woman lately—a very little chick-a-dee of a girl she seems. We hope her future may be as radiant, and rosy, and beautiful as she dreams it will be, when she enters upon the new and the charmed life before her. She says she likes housekeeping, likes to wash, and iron, and sweep, and bake, and cook dinners.

That's the kind of talk, my dear! Really, I never heard a girl talk in that sensible way before, never in my life. They always say: "Oh, what drudgery! How I do dislike to wash dishes, and work over the hot cook-stove and make my face red and my hands brown." I don't have much patience with such girls, and often make no reply, but when I do, I say: "Don't call housework drudgery—it is wicked talk—God may take from you the dear father, or mother, or the dear little brother or sister, or the healthy, hearty brother grown up to manhood, and oh, when you stand beside the cold form, how keenly will come to your remembrance every word you have said, every complaint you have uttered about drudgery! You will have one less to do for then—that one will be under no obligations to you for kindness to him or her any longer. Do you think, standing there with your accusing conscience upbraiding you, that you can ever forget those unkind words you have often spoken?"

With a dear friend I stood beside the coffin of her father. She wept bitterly, and though she had been a kind, devoted, patient daughter, the burden of her lamentations was: "Oh, I could have done more for father! I can see now so many ways in which I could have helped him, and cared for him, and made him happier! my poor, poor father! I can do nothing for him now—it is too late; he is gone forever from me!"

Whatever is our duty we should perform kindly, and cheerfully, and lovingly; we should love to do our duty for the sake of our dear ones.

The brave girl who tells me she likes housework, and that she means to learn how to do everything well, asks me a few questions in view of the station she expects to fill with honor. One is: "Can we not make lemon flavoring ourselves, a better article than we buy?" Of course we can, child; cheaper and better, and then we have the satisfaction of knowing what it is made of. Cut off the yellow outside peel, say of five lemons, shave it as thin as you can, put it into a pint of spirits and cork the bottle up tight. In a few days you will have a better quality of extract than you can buy.

If you want vanilla extract, bruise the beans and proceed the same as with the lemon. By this means you will save an item in the line of expenses, for we know that flavorings cost considerable in the course of a year.

A very good way to get the flavor of lemon is to

grate the yellow off with a nutmeg grater. Grate it over a plate of fine, white sugar, then stir it up and put in a wide-mouthed bottle and cork tightly.

She inquires how lemon jelly is made, also. Easiest thing in the world. Take a paper of gelatine and let it soak in a pint of cold water for one hour at least, but the longer it is soaked the better. Then add to it a quart of boiling water, the juice of two or three lemons and a pint and a half of sugar. Set it away without cooking at all, in a form to cool, and an excellent article of jelly will be the result.

It may be that our little chickadee don't know how to make the very best kind of bread; if she don't, we will tell her sometime. Every paper one picks up tells how to make good bread, but so much depends on the quality of the flour, that sometimes we feel disheartened and don't like to touch the bread question at all. Now here in our own family we could not get snow-white bread, and always the last of the baking was not half so good as the first, but we experimented, time after time, and still thought it was our own fault. Brother Rube's wife said other folks get white bread, and why can't we? our wheat is sound and good; it must be our own fault. We never thought of the miller at all. But now we have good, white bread, and it all came about in such a funny way, too.

Bub took a wagon load of girls up to Hemlock Falls one fine day last summer; we meant to have a good time, and for fear the day would not be long enough we went very early in the morning. An elderly man was strolling about over the grounds in a worried, uneasy way, and he carried something under his arm in a paper flour-sack, marked "Taylor's Best." That sack betrayed his whereabouts. "Taylor's Best" meant flour made five miles east of us; but that wanderer, looking like Hood's "Last Man," who and what was he?

I said: "Bub, maybe he's in distress—you must find out, poor fellow! I don't like the way he rolls up his eyes and wanders around; it might be that he had no breakfast, or, perhaps, he's not quite right in his mind, or, maybe, his friends are all dead."

"I'll speak to him," was the reply, "just to please you, then I'll come and tell you."

"And, Bub, try and find out what he has in that sack under his arm; it might be old family jewels," I suggested.

Just as I turned to follow the winding path down the steep rocks, I saw my brother extend his hand and give the old man a good cordial shaking. Afterwhile he came to us and told me the man was Jacky Pringle, and he was there to meet a dancing party from Mount Vernon, and the sack under his arm, marked "Taylor's Best," contained his fiddle; that the dancers were to pay friend Pringle two dollars for his services and give him his dinner. Then he added, with a twinkle in his eyes, "and the doctor is afraid the party will not come, that is the reason of his manifest uneasiness. He says he is well acquainted with you, Pipsey, and knew your face as soon as he saw it."

I could not remember that I had ever seen Mr. Pringle in my life; but that sack marked "Taylor's Best," gave me a new train of thought, and I concluded I would make it convenient to speak to the man before we went home. As soon as I went toward him, he reached out his hand and grinned in an abashed way.

I said: "Mr. Pringle, I believe; how do you do?"

"Well as common, I thank ye; how's yerself?" was the reply. "You didn't know me, did ye? Forgot the time I saved your life, Miss Potts."

I was astounded! Saved my life! And I had forgotten my benefactor! I asked when.

"Oh, that time you come down to Dave's to see the Indian hatchet he found, and as you clim the fence, the three dogs, Bull, and Brave, and Bounce, all made a rush for you, an' would 've tore you into rags, only that I run out and knocked 'em right an' left, an' driv 'em in under the house, an' saved your life," said he, staring at me with a little derisive sniff of a laugh that made me feel, for the first time, how great had been my peril, and how black my ingratitude.

Yes, I remembered that pack of ferocious dogs, and I remembered distinctly of reaching out my hands to them and talking dog-talk, and of their wriggles of delight; but I might have misinterpreted them, really.

Then we talked about the Indian hatchet, its perfect workmanship, and finely-wrought eye, and helve, and edge. It was found on a hillside near the house where the Pringles reside, in close proximity to a skeleton of giant proportions. Near it were the remains of a fire, coal and ashes. Nearly all of the great bones crumbled into brown dust when exposed to the air; but the poor Pringle's kept the rare little stone hatchet. The best men in the State tried to obtain possession of it, but failed. It would have been a valuable acquisition to their cabinets of curiosities.

They said: "We cannot get the hatchet, now you try; perhaps they could not refuse a woman."

They promised it to me. I was elated, and wrote to my friends, "Eureka! I'll get the hatchet!" But only the echo of my jubilant shout came back to me; I never got it. I could not humiliate myself to ask the ninth time.

Now I'll go back to the white-bread question after this circuitous, meandering, rambling way of a woman talking. The fiddle lay on Dr. Pringle's lap in its sly, ingenious casing.

I said: "Taylor's Best!" Do they make a good article of flour at those mills near you?"

"There is not such flour made in all the State," said he. "Why a woman couldn't miss getting good bread out o' such flour as that is. Our bread is always white, and moist, and spongy, and the last loaf of a big baking is even better 'n the first. Taylor has the best of millers; money is no object with him when it comes to paying a good miller; he don't much care what he has to pay 'em."

"Really, I am obliged to you," said I, "and I will coax my men folks until they go to that mill and bring home a wagon-load of sacks, marked like that is in which you carry your fiddle."

And so I did; and we all think now that it is

better to go twenty miles for good flour than to use a dark, poor stuff made nearer home, even if we got it for nothing.

Perhaps when the girl who loves housework goes into her own little cottage, she will one day be met by the perplexity that we were the other day—how to hang pictures that the light may fall upon them favorably, so as to bring out all the beauty of the varied landscape. There were rocks, and mountains, and lakes, and wildwood scenery in both; in one, the mountain tops were bathed with the sunset's gold; in the other, the first glintings of the sunrise made very beautiful the rugged peaks, and then slanted adown their jagged sides and lighted up the sweet valleys that nestled away below, and down beside the still, embosomed waters.

We were not long in finding the proper place to hang one of the pictures; the light from the adjacent window fell upon it so as to bring out into full view the most charming points in the landscape. At last a place was found for the other, and on examination we discovered that there were no places in that room in which the pictures could hang advantageously, only precisely where each one hung; and the secret of it was that the light must fall on them from the same direction that the sunrise and sunset fell. We were delighted with our success and the result of our planning.

What's this! How nice! Our nearest neighbor made a fruit pudding for dinner to-day, and sent us half of it just in time for our dinner. That's just like Mattie! It was excellent, and I want you to know how it was made that you may taste and decide for yourselves.

Pour over half a loaf of dry bread boiling water enough to cover it; let it stand until soft, then drain off the water and add to it three eggs well beaten, two cups of white sugar, a lump of butter the size of a hulled walnut, and a pint of any kind of fruit you choose—currants, berries, cherries, raisins, dried currants, or whatever you like best. Mix the ingredients thoroughly; put in a floured cloth, drop into boiling water, and keep it covered and boiling for one hour. Serve with sweet or sour sauce, as you prefer. Good cream well sweetened, into which you have squeezed the juice of a lemon, is best.

Mattie's summer mince pies are good for a change, although we do distrust them a little.

A cup and a half of chopped raisins, one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of warm water, half a cup of vinegar or good boiled cider, two well-beaten eggs, five crackers pounded fine; stir all together and season with spices as other mince pies; bake with rich crust. For the top crust, roll thin, cut in narrow strips, and twist, and lay across.

In very warm weather, Mattie keeps lemons by cutting them in slices and mixing white sugar with them. Put in a glass jar, cover well with sugar, and paper securely.

If you want a very pretty and fast color in your next web of carpet, let me suggest a new one that I heard of since we talked rag-carpet the last time.

It is hardly in season to tell now, but if I defer it until the right time, I may forget it altogether. My favorite color in rag-carpet is madder red, it is bright and cheery, and always looks clean and new, but I think I would like this new tint, bluish purple, and have laid aside a couple of very old woollen blankets to dye.

For one pound of woollen goods gather and macerate half a bushel of common purslain—pursley, some people pronounce it—in a sufficiency of water. Then boil a quarter of a pound of log-wood chips in a separate kettle. Strain, and mix, and boil the goods in the water two hours. Then drain it well and rinse, and it is done. Before putting the goods in the dye it must be boiled half an hour in alum water, five ounces of alum to a pound of wool. This is for a mordant.

The girls were grieving to-day that our door-yard had no flower-beds in it—nothing but trees, and shrubs, and abundance of green grass. Now, I love the beautiful grass; to me it is prettier than to see the yard cut up into beds, and a-bloom with flowers for only a few weeks, and then the unsightly stalks, leafless, and flowerless, and brown, and unlovely. Oh, I tell the girls that it is no wonder Nebuchadnezzar ate grass, and that I've no doubt he learned to like its succulent juices, and to rest his nose lovingly among the cool, green, quivering blades with a sweet sense of exquisite enjoyment.

Then I read to them this favorite poem:

"The grass, the grass, the beautiful grass,
That brightens this land of ours,
Oh, why do we rudely let it pass,
And only praise the flowers?
The blossoms of spring small joys would bring,
And the summer bloom look sad,
Were the earth not green, and the distant scene
In its emerald robe not clad.

"The grass, the grass, the feathery grass,
That waves in the summer wind,
That stays when the flowers all fade and pass,
Like a dear old friend behind;
That clothes the hills and the valley fills,
When the trees are stripped and bare;
Oh, the land would be like a wintry sea
Did the grass not linger there!

"The grass, the grass, the bountiful grass,
Oh, well may the gift endure,
That never was meant for creed or class,
But grows for both rich and poor;
Long may the land be great and grand,
Where the emerald turf is spread;
May the bright green grass, when from earth we
pass,
Lie lightly o'er each head."

THE BEGINNING OF SUCCESS.

ARE you in earnest, seize this very minute,
What you can do, or dream you can, begin it;
Boldness has genius, power and magic in it.
Only engage, and then the mind grows heated;
Begin, and then the work will be completed.

WILL YOU WALK INTO MY PARLOR?

BY MRS. E. B. DUFFEY.

WILL you walk into my parlor? It is in truth a *parloir*, but it is an *etude* as well; and a *nourrison*; and I cannot find words in the French dictionary to tell what else this little parlor of mine is. Come to think of it, I don't think I have any parlor at all;—only a little room where I sit, and read, and write, and sew, and amuse the children, and scold the captain, and build air-castles, and look out at the green trees. It is a very commonplace little room without one bit of pretense about it—not so much as a hair-cloth sofa or a Venetian blind; whose table has generally a litter of newspapers and manuscript, and half-withered leaves and flowers; whose walls are covered all over with paintings and chromos, most of them frameless; and whose every nook and corner is filled with books. These books have most of them bright new covers, for I am not enough of a bookworm to have a fancy for the rubbish of old book-stalls; and George Eliot herself would receive but a doubtful reception from me if she came in tatters and dirt and general mustiness. It is a room liable to invasions of small barbarians who leave disorder in their track. Nevertheless, it is a room which one who loved to read or look at pictures, could take infinite comfort in; but one which would fill with ineffable disgust those who like gloom and seclusion, and stately furniture, and all that sort of thing.

Yes, it is true, I haven't any real parlor for you to walk into. So, will you please walk into my imaginary parlor? I often occupy it. It is, in fact, my exclusive property, and I feel perfectly competent to do the honors.

What makes you blink so? Does the light hurt your eyes? It is rather light, but no lighter than the great out-of-doors, where men and women had to live before houses were invented. I like light, and plenty of it. Who is it that the Bible says love darkness rather than light? No closed shutters or thick curtains for me; no shading porches or "ombres"—as some architect fancifully though not inappropriately calls them—over my parlor windows. Let the fullness of the daylight come in.

Am I not afraid of fading my carpet? Bless you! I don't care for my carpet; I don't live for the sake of my carpet. But take a look at it, and see if there is any danger of its fading. It is no glaring monstrosity of incongruous colors and forms—an architectural design wreathed with giant flowers of every hue—a carpet which, if the walker gave it intelligent consideration, must fill him with a perpetual sense of weariness as he attempts to surmount the obstacles which it presents in his path. No; my carpet, as you see, is nothing but a ground of dark green moss presenting two or three different shades, with here and there a spray of *cinque-foil*, its leaves tinged with bright tints—not real moss, to be sure, but just as restful to the eye. I never saw just such a carpet out of my own parlor; but if I failed to find one like it at the carpet stores, I should try to content

myself with one displaying a small geometrical figure instead—either green, brown or red in color.

You don't like the color of my wood-work, nor the paper on my walls? No, I suppose not; but I do, and that is all that is necessary. You don't like them in detail, you mean, but you must certainly acknowledge that the general effect is good. Time was when I, too, thought that white was the only color for the wood-work of a house, and the lightest of paper for the walls. A parlor thus papered and painted, with a crimson carpet on the floor, is really cheerful and pretty. But I leave that style now for my imaginary bed-rooms. Besides, that style would never do for this grand parlor of mine, which is intended to match the hall I described to you some little time since. The room is finished in black walnut, oiled and varnished, and the walls are papered with walnut paper in imitation of wainscoting, with panels of a lighter color. This wainscoting is about three feet in height. Above this the walls are papered in panels, the panels themselves being a rich mottled crimson, and the surroundings or columns two or three shades of light pearl color. The border is rich velvety crimson. The ceiling is papered with a pale mottled pearl paper.

"This is a curious style," remarks one of my visitors. Yes, so it would be, if I were simply ornamenting my wall. But you know crimson is the best color for a background that pictures can have, and my wall is only considered in the light of a background for pictures. In every crimson panel hangs a picture—sometimes more than one, if they are small. I will not describe these pictures, because they do not always, in this imaginary parlor, remain two days the same. I like landscapes with all the green, fresh tints of nature—not the asphaltum-pictures which so many admire because they are "so warm and soft."

You have been already admiring the arched recess of my bay-window. Is it not pretty? It is a bit of sunshine and summer the year round. The whole window is draped with vines which serve as curtains to obstruct the somewhat too fierce rays of the sun; while the shelf running around just below the window-sill is filled with roses, geraniums, heliotropes, and every pretty blooming thing that strikes my fancy. My globe aquarium, with its gleaming, golden fish and delicate water-plants, has the place of honor in the centre. I have not one particle of affection for the gold-fish that find their home in it. I wonder if any one does have? But I love to watch the brilliant effects of light and shade, as the sunlight falls upon and gleams through the globe of water, and to see the flashes of brilliant color as the fishes dart to and fro.

Somebody wants to know why I don't have a bird-cage suspended in the centre of my bay-window. Well, it *would* be pretty; but that hanging-basket is really prettier, with long, trailing money-wort, and delicate blue lobelias, and it does not make one bit of noise. I object to birds singing in my house. I prefer my bird-songs *au naturel* from amid the green leaves out of doors.

Have you taken notice of my windows and doorways? They are all arched. The abomination of ugliness is a square hole in the wall to go in or out of, or to look through. I never could reconcile it to my ideas of beauty. So those of my imaginary parlor are properly arched as they should be. My door, too, does not open and shut as doors ordinarily do. It slides into the wall when it is open, and thus is entirely out of the way, shutting up no corner. By the way, my parlor has corners. A room is not comfortable or cosy without corners. I once planned a kitchen, and found when it was finished that there were no available corners in it—they were all taken up by doorways. And I was never able to sit down in the room with any satisfaction. There was nothing cosy about it. My parlor has corners, and there are brackets holding statuettes and pictures, and trifles of all sorts.

But to return to my doorway. I had some trouble in getting my doorway to suit me. My carpenter made objections about its construction, and seemed to think it couldn't be done. But I reasoned, and expostulated with, and worried him; and being only an imaginary carpenter, and consequently more under my control than a real one, he finally gave in, and I had my doorway made to suit me. He also objected that the windows would be a great deal more expensive with arched tops. But I airily replied that the expense was a matter of no moment to me, and he hadn't another word to say. He submitted as gracefully as a real carpenter would have done under the same circumstances. If he ever brings in his imaginary bill, I shall probably find that he has taken advantage of my indifference, just the same as a real carpenter would. Never mind; my imaginary purse is inexhaustible; and it is such a satisfaction to hold one's self above the petty worriments of a limited income, even in imagination.

Do you see that green, living cornice around the top of my room? (How I abominate gilt cornices—they look so tawdry!) That is an ivy vine, and the crimson border to the wall-paper forms an excellent background to its leaves, which so admirably match the carpet. So I have not, after all, violated the upholsterer's mandate that carpet and wall-border shall match in color.

My parlor is nearly square. The long parlors which fashion decrees are my abomination. They are the result of necessity; and my imaginary dwelling is untrammelled by necessities. So to show the utmost independence in this respect, if for no other reason, my parlor is nearly square.

As imagination scarcely dares to indulge in so wild a flight as to fancy an open wood-fire lighting and warming a room in this year of our Lord 1875, I have contented myself with a heater to warm the room in the winter. I detest stoves—great, ugly, black things—that take up so much room, and look so gloomy and inhospitable! — is the best heater I know of. (I have left this blank purposely, intending to fill it up with the name of the first heater I have presented to me by an admiring and appreciative reader who has

heaters for sale, and wishes thus to earn a gratuitous puff.)

My parlor has two doors, one opening into the hall and the other into the dining-room or sitting-room direct. Sometimes when I am in the mind, this last is a double door, capable of being pushed back both ways, and throwing the two apartments into one. (There is an advantage an imaginary house has over a real one: it is easily altered or repaired without additional expense, or worry with a carpenter.)

My bay-window faces the south, of course, and there is one east window, or rather two, for it is a double window—or it may be a west window, through which to watch the sunsets. But quite as important as either of these is a north window (a double window also) where I can sit to draw or paint, with a pure, clear light. My windows have drapery. I can't endure Venetian blinds; they are my especial horror. In summer, lace curtains looped back half cover the windows, without obstructing the light; and in winter, crimson curtains, also well looped back, give a warmth to the room. The white shades, usually well roled up, can be lowered when the sun's rays become too impertinent or obtrusive, without really darkening the room.

I have neither mantle nor pier-mirrors. My parlor is a place for mutual rather than self-admiration, and mirrors are not necessary to that. My mantle has no bronze ornaments. Why? Well, I don't know, unless it is because I have got so tired of seeing them in all properly-furnished parlors. I have got a rare collection of dried ferns and lichens and mosses done up in fancy shapes—crosses and wreaths and all that—dreadful to catch the dust, I know, but pleasing me better than the conventional mantle ornaments, and renewed with less expense. Then there is a white parian vase or so, and semi-transparent glass ones, graceful and delicate in outline, which hold my dried grasses in winter, my bright-hued leaves in autumn, and sprays of leaves and flowers in spring and summer.

My furniture? Well, yes, I suppose my room is furnished, though I had nearly forgotten it, furniture is really of such little importance. There are tables and chairs and things, such as you will usually find in such apartments. No, there are not, either. There are no hair-cloth-covered chairs or sofas, nor even a marble-topped table. Those things were doubtless invented by some shrewd housewife who wished to preserve her parlor from the wear and tear of daily use, and so aimed to make it as cold and repulsive and uncomfortable as possible. The Fates deliver me from hair-cloth furniture: and from satin-covered furniture too—too nice to be used. I like green reps for right down solid comfort about as well as anything I know of. It may be striped or plain. It is comfortable and durable, and will stand much abuse.

My parlor has good wide lounges and sofas in every available place, really intended to rest upon; and it has no other kind of chairs but easy chairs. Temper your consternation by the reflection that it is only an imaginary parlor. We all know that real parlors must, of course, contain six high-

seated, uncomfortable-backed, uneasy chairs made for no other purpose than just to fill up the vacant places in the room, or possibly to seat some unwelcome visitor upon, that his stay may be short. I have no unwelcome visitors in my imaginary parlor; of course I don't need seats of that sort.

There is a good broad table extending its hospitable leaves for books and periodicals—not annuals whose beauty and value are all on the outside; but genuine, readable books, and magazines with their leaves ready cut. Over there, in that pleasant corner, between my bay-window and the register with the yet unnamed heater, is my pet desk. I caught glimpses of it once or twice in auction-rooms, but they were fleeting visions. I couldn't find it in any cabinet ware-house. The desks which I did find were all made after one or two patterns of ugliness, and I couldn't abide them. But this elegant little black walnut affair of mine is unique in pattern, and I am, so far, the sole possessor. It is half writing-desk, half cabinet, and the third half what-not. If there is yet another half, it is dressing-table, as there is a mirror in its recesses, so that when I have disheveled my hair in the frenzy attending the inspiration of a poetic idea, I can, without rising from my seat, restore it to order when I am called back to myself by the appearance of a visitor seen approaching through the window. The desk is neatly and substantially made, and ornamented with carved work. When I receive a present of such a desk, I shall tell the name of the maker, that others may have an opportunity of ordering from him. It is a useful and at the same time handsome piece of parlor furniture.

In the other corner, across the bay-window, sits the piano—or is it an organ? Somehow a parlor never looks quite furnished without some kind of a musical instrument.

Well, what do you think of my parlor? I dare say your own has cost twice, if not ten times as much, in the finishing and furnishing, but is the result half so pleasant? Here is light, coolness, cheerfulness, rest, distraction for a tired mind, occupation for an idle one, beauty, harmony and good taste—though I do say it myself—without any obtrusive display of colors or of expenditure. There is no straining after effect. Everything is just what it is, because to my mind it is prettier or more comfortable that way than it could be any other; and that is all I want of it. As for your gaudily-furnished parlors, with their silken furniture, outrageous carpets, and tarnished gilt frames filled with ridiculous daubs of cheap pictures, kept dark for fear flies and sun will mar their beauty(!) they give me the nightmare. And your hair-clothed and green-blinded parlors, considered as models of respectability by people of limited means—well, when I die you may fit up my tomb that way if you choose, for then my eyes will be shut, and it will be an additional reason for not opening them.

Give me sunlight, even if I do share it with the flies. They have, no doubt, as good a right to it as I, and I am not going to bite off my own nose to spite them. The buzz of their wings has a cheery, summery sound in it; and now and then

a great yellow-and-black bee comes whizzing in at the open window, and hums about the room in a friendly way, as if he recognized in me a kin-

dred spirit. Go your way, busy bee, I shall not disturb you. We both like sunlight and flowers, and neither of us has time for idleness.

Religious Reading.

THE GREATEST AMONG YOU.

BY REV. W. F. PENDLETON.

WE are all servants. There is something for each one of us to do for mankind, something we can do better than any other. If this were not so, we would not have been brought into existence. There is a place for us to fill somewhere in the great human form that is peculiarly ours. We may not find it at once, we labor all our life to find our true place and work, and never find it at all in this world. But it will come if we are patient and faithful. If we do not find our true work as soon as we wish, it is because we are not yet ready for it. The Lord sees that it is better for us to be where we are. So wherever we may find ourselves, that is our place for the time, and our work is right before us and around us. If our ambition is to serve, we can always find plenty to do right at hand. The work that is nearest to us is always our work, however fitted we may be for something further off. Let us do the work that is nearest to us, and our true work will come at the proper time.

We are all servants. The king upon his throne is a servant, all public officials are servants of the people, and they are entitled to greater honor than others, only because they are in a position to serve a greater use. They are able to serve a greater number of people. The Lord, the greatest of all, came to serve. "I am among you as he that serveth." Luke xxii.: 27. He was the greatest because He preferred the greatest service to mankind, and He considered Himself only great because He served the whole human race. And we are only great in proportion to our service. "He that is the greatest among you shall be your servant," and there is no other way to become truly great. The selfish man, full of ambition, may make a great noise in the world, and may become the instrument in the Lord's hands to effect a great work; but he is not great, because with him there is no idea of serving. He only thinks of being served, and if he were not restrained, he would soon enslave the whole world. Such is the tendency slumbering in every man's breast, who does not labor with the idea of serving.

We are all servants, but, unfortunately, the most of us are so by compulsion. In the present condition of humanity, men are servants, not because they wish to be, or find delight in serving, but because they are driven to it by necessity, or are stimulated by love of rule, or love of gain. We serve others for the sake of ourselves, and with no thought of the happiness our service may bring to them. We do not act from a love of usefulness. A love of usefulness is a love of the neighbor; hence, when we are in the active love of use, we

are in the effort to obey the second great commandment. Usefulness is service, but we may do deeds of usefulness, and do continually, without having the love of it—only for the sake of self. We do not desire to be the greatest in order that we may be the servant of all, and thus a true servant of the Lord. We do not practically realize that he only is the greatest who is the most useful from the love of use, that he only is the greatest who is the humblest, and acknowledges from the heart that he is but a servant. The Lord teaches in the verse following our text that "whosoever shall exalt himself shall be abased, and he that shall humble himself shall be exalted." He that exalteth himself, that seeketh only his own self-advancement and glory, at the expense of his neighbor, who thinks only of being served, he it is that stands abased in the sight of Heaven. Only he that humbleth himself, that feels himself to be no better than others—only so far as he feels himself to be above their evils—who is willing to be the servant of mankind, without thought of personal reward, only he is exalted in the sight of the Lord and the angels.

If all men had this love of use, this love of serving, the work of the world would be very much the same as it is now, as to outward appearance. We should render and receive service just as ever. It is true, our work would be performed more faithfully, for we should then be working for our neighbor's benefit, and for the sake of his comfort our work would be done well; still, the world's work would appear nearly the same. But our motives and aims would be totally different, directly opposite to those that are our mainsprings of action now. Our love would flow out toward others, and we should consider their highest good in our work for them. Although we should still expect to receive compensation for our labor, our prime motive would be the good of him for whom we labored.

Are we willing to be servants? Are we ever ready to serve in our business, in our church or social relations, in our families? Or do we wish to rule there, and thus make ourselves the greatest? Are we thinking of the applause of men? Do we wish our good deeds to be heralded abroad, or are we ready to live in obscurity, unknown, unhonored, but yet happy with the thought that others are receiving the benefit of our work? This is a very proper test of our love, and we should apply it to ourselves continually. If we are not willing to be unknown, misunderstood, unappreciated, in our labors, and as to our motives, we are not like the Lord, and are not following Him in the regeneration. He was willing to be despised and rejected of men. He was willing to be misunderstood, abused, maltreated, even put to death.

when He saw that such an ordeal was the necessary result of His efforts to rescue man from eternal thralldom. If we find that we are thinking very much of the applause of others in our work, it is an evidence that we are seeking to be the greatest, and not at the same time the servant of all. We are serving them for the sake of the reward they will give us, rather than from a sincere desire to be of use to them.

Do we feel envious, jealous, sadly disappointed, when we see another coming into a position that we have long coveted—chosen in preference to ourselves? If so, it is because we have been seeking to be the greatest from our love of self. It is self we are thinking of, and not the use to be performed in the position. If we thought of the use alone, if we were truly willing to serve, we should

rejoice if others were thought better qualified to perform the duties required. And if we feel that our abilities are not recognized or understood, we shall still not be unhappy, placing a humble reliance in the Lord, believing that He will finally lead us to that work which is most suited to our capacity, and in which we can exercise that true greatness which comes from the feeling that we are the least of all and the servant of all. This is the essence of angelic happiness, the very perfection of human nature, the true law of heavenly order. And we are all going astray, are all wrong, all bringing upon ourselves misery, torment, despair, pouring into each others' hearts the gall of bitterness, so long as we do not adopt and make our own this eternal law of life, "He that is the greatest among you shall be your servant."

Mother's Department.

AN APPEAL TO YOUNG MOTHERS.

BY ELIZA BETH.

I AM an old woman; I have only a few threads more to weave, when the pattern will be completed, and the Master will fold it up and lay it away. It is an imperfect piece, full of broken threads and wrong colors. I do not like to look upon it; I would like to take it all out and weave it over again. But *no*, it must go just as it is. But I will try to add a few good threads and right colors, that the *finishing* up may be better; and as the garment is folded up, may they appear upon the outside, and, meeting the gaze of those just weaving their piece, teach them what to put in their pattern.

Mothers, young mothers, listen to my story, and learn a lesson therefrom. You do get so out of patience with that boy of yours. He is never quiet—whistling, singing, stamping, some kind of a noise all the time. You think you cannot bear it, your nerves are so weak, so you send him away, out of doors, anywhere that you may not be so annoyed. Don't do it any more.

Come with me to yonder cemetery. Here in the corner, under the willow, lies my boy, "Earnest Clinton, aged twenty-one." Sit down with me near his grave, and I will tell you about him. He was a beautiful babe. How I did love the precious blue-eyed one! How cunningly he would twine those little arms around my neck, and press his little cheek against mine! Every moment of his little baby life was a joy and comfort to me. Soon the little feet began to tottle round, and he would run to mamma for safety. Then the childish prattle came, and how sweetly he would lisp my name, and, looking in my eyes, say, "I 'ove 'ou, mamma!"

O Earnest, my precious boy, come back again and be once more a babe on mother's knee! Let mother try again!

But the little fellow kept on growing, and soon arrived to the dignity of his first pair of pants. How proudly he strutted around and called him-

self "mamma's man." But I cannot follow him along step by step. He soon became the school-boy; and how I used to get out of patience with him, as he came rushing in from school, so noisy and boisterous. I would scold him, and try to keep him quiet by seating him in a chair. After awhile he would not come directly from school, but would play by the way. *Mother had so much to do*, she did not take much heed of her boy's seeking pleasure away from home.

When he was a little fellow, I always went with him when he went to bed, read to him from the Bible, knelt by him while he said his evening prayer, talked kindly to him about any wrong he had done through the day. How tender his little heart was at those times, all ready to receive impressions for good. And how he used to enjoy those bed-time talks. But as he grew older, when bed-time came I would feel tired, or be busy, and would send him away alone. He felt badly at first, and would kiss me over and over again before going; but after awhile he would go without saying anything, or even kissing me. I did not then think much about the change; my mind was occupied with work, which seemed more important then than anything else.

Thus he gradually drifted away from me. When he was naughty, I would get all out of patience with him, instead of kindly and firmly reproofing him. I would dread vacation-time, and permit him to go from home to play; I could not stop to amuse and interest him at home, and *it was such a relief to have him away*.

But why need I go on? The loving, affectionate boy was weaned from his mother, and every year found him farther away. Rumors began to come to the ears of his father and myself of his being wild. We talked with him; he felt very badly, and promised to do better. But, alas! the chain of love which should have bound him to his home and mother had been severed, and other chains, woven by wicked companions, had been thrown around him and held him fast. We sent him away to school. I wrote many letters to him. I

tried to get my influence over him back again, but it was too late. He ran away from school, and for five years we heard nothing from him. Mothers, just imagine those five long, weary years, with no knowledge whatever of my only son!

One evening we sat before the fire talking of our absent boy. The storm raged without, and the tempest in our own hearts could not be stilled. I thought I heard a timid knock at the door. I went, and there stood my long lost Earnest. But what a change! Was it possible that this was my blue-eyed, curly-haired baby—my robust, ruddy-cheeked son? A pale, emaciated young man stood before me.

"Earnest, my boy," I cried, "is this you?"

"Yes, dear mother, it is Earnest; may I come in? I have come home to die."

We did everything we could for him, but could not save him. Those five years of dissipation had ruined his health, and he only lived a few months.

"Mother," he would often say. "I am only twenty-one, and have got to die. I have wasted the past years of my life, and cut off the future, which might have been mine to use for good."

Bitterly did he repent, and we believe was forgiven, which is the only drop of comfort my cup of sorrow contains.

He dropped asleep very peacefully, and we have laid him here to rest, till God shall bid him rise. But my heart was broken then, and bitterness and sorrow have been my companions ever since. God gave me that boy to bring up, and I was responsible for his future. There was in him the germ of a noble manhood, and I crushed it.

The heart of my child was mine, but, instead of making an effort to keep that heart, I permitted it to slip from my grasp.

I never see a little boy now, but what I want to go to the mother, and, on bended knee, implore her to so love that boy that she will be patient with him; that she will so win and retain his affections, that his love for mother shall be a shield of safety in the darkest hour of temptation.

Dear young mothers, bear with the noisy boys; better a few headaches now, than the dreadful heartaches that will come in after years. Make home pleasant for them. No matter if the work is not all done to your satisfaction; the eternal welfare of the child is of far more importance. Lay aside your work sometimes, and enter into their sports and games. Question them about their doings at school; rejoice with them when they are happy; sympathize with them when they are in trouble. Let them see that mother is a true friend to them. At the same time be firm and insist upon implicit obedience. They will respect you all the more for that. Make bed-time a happy hour for them, that the memory may linger with them in after years, and that hour shall ever be a sacred one, causing a deep tenderness to spring up in the heart, and a strong yearning to bow the head again on mother's knee, and say the evening prayer, even when they have become strong men engrossed in the business of life.

Dear mothers, as I say farewell to you, I would lift my heart in prayer, to the Father above, asking Him to give you, each and all, wisdom and strength so to bring up those boys of yours, that a noble manhood may be *theirs*, a happy heart yours, and a mansion of rest be for you all, in the pure City of God.

And if my story will help some mother to be more patient and tender with her boy, I will thank God that He has permitted a few threads of gold to finish my web of life.

Boys' and Girls' Treasury.

SOME BITTER APPLES.

BY G. M. B.

THERE are a great many different kinds of apples. Whole families of great, juicy, sweet ones, that everybody loves, like the sweet, every-day acts of kindness we do, that make every one love us. Then there are a number of kinds of tart ones, which, with plenty of sugar, are very nice indeed for cooking; these are like the unpleasant little things we have to do occasionally, and which we can sweeten with *patience* and *good humor*. And then there are hard, bitter, biting apples that no one cares very much about, and which are feed to the pigs, who even turn up their snouts at them sometimes; these are like the naughty, wicked things we are all prone to do, and by which we learn sometimes a bitter lesson from experience.

Little Harry Buckley gathered an apron full of apples once, which, though beautiful to look upon, proved to be some very bitter apples to him.

His mamma was sitting by the window one day,

sewing on his little, new, blue jacket, when she thought she saw a strange dog in the garden. Something was creeping along the fence very cautiously and carefully, and she watched to see what it could be. Presently a little, bare, golden head came to view from behind the currant bushes—and, yes, it was Harry. But how slowly he walked, and how curiously he behaved! He did not look up at mamma's window as usual, his face all sunshine with bright smiles. No, his head instead was drooped quite low, and he had an apron full of something, for he held it up quite tight with both hands.

Could it be that her little boy had robbed a bird's nest, when she had told him so many times what a sinful, wicked thing that was to do! That was her first thought. Then she waited to hear what he should say when he saw her.

"Where is your hat, little Golden-head?" she called out to him when he got under her window.

"Golden-head" stopped suddenly at the sound of the voice, and his name might have been "Scarlet-checks," too, from the color that flushed

into them as he stammered in answer: "Here it is, mamma, in my apron, and it's all full of nice, sweet apples—see!"

"Who gave them to you, Harry," asked mamma, in an eager voice, a dart of suspicion stabbing her heart as she thought she recognized the golden fruit.

"Nobody, mamma. They're ours, just as much as any ones. Franky Wilson said so," and Harry trudged on into the house and up into his mamma's room.

"But where did you get all these pretty apples, Harry?" asked his mamma, looking very earnestly at his little flushed face.

"Why, they hung over the stone wall—right in the road, and Franky said they were anybody's apples, and we could have an apronful if we wanted to."

"But where did the tree grow?" questioned mamma, still watching the anxious little face.

"Oh, the tree grew in Farmer Bates's garden, but these apples hung over the wall, in the road, and—and they're anybody's apples, mamma," the little voice shook a little now.

"How did you get them—were they on the ground in the road?"

"No; Franky boosted me up in the tree, 'cause I was the littlest; and I just picked 'em off and threw 'em down. Franky said apples that grew over the wall was anybody's apples, mamma—"

"But, Harry, see here; if the tree grow in Farmer Bates's garden, isn't it *his* tree?"

"Y-e-s—it's his tree—but, mamma—"

"Well, if the tree is his, don't you think *all* the apples that grow on the tree are his, too?"

"I told Franky so, mamma, all the time, but he said no; that apples that grew over the wall were anybody's apples, and we could have a whole apronful, they were ours."

"Oh, no, Harry," answered mamma, in very decided tones. "They are *not* yours nor any ones, but Farmer Bates's who owns the tree, and I am sure, from your words, and your face, and the guilty way in which I saw you creeping home along by the fence, I am sure my little boy felt in his heart that it was not *right* to take those apples. Did you not, Harry?"

"But Franky Wilson said—"

"I don't care what Franky Wilson or anybody said. Did you not *feel* that it was wrong? Why, Harry, don't you know it was *STEALING*? Is my little Harry a thief?" and mamma's voice was very sad indeed.

"No, no, no, I ain't—there! They're hateful, sour, bitter apples!" and the little hat was passionately tossed onto the floor, and the fruit rolled in every direction.

"Yes, Harry," continued mamma, "you took those apples from Farmer Bates's tree without his knowledge or consent. They are his apples—not yours! Now I am sure my little boy would like to do what is right, and he will pick up every one—put them in his basket and carry them over to Mrs. Bates and tell her they are her apples that you gathered from her tree."

"No, no, no—I can't, I can't," sobbed Harry, in a frenzy of grief and shame.

"Oh, yes, you can," replied mamma, in firm tones, "because it is right. Come now, get up and go over to Mrs. Bates's with the apples."

"Oh, I can't, mamma, I can't—I won't," and the word came out with full force as the little figure flung itself down onto the floor in a passion of tears.

Mamma looked very sorrowful. Was this the end of all her teachings and trials to make her little one choose right from wrong! Oh, it was hard, this training of a little, weak, frail human soul—beset, as it was, by all the temptations and trials which human flesh is heir to—every day! What should she do?

After a little while the kicks and repeated sobs of "I can't," "I can't," grew fainter, and finally ceased. Then there was deep silence in the room, and mamma feared her little one had gone to sleep with his little sin still on his conscience; presently he roused himself and came over to his mamma's knee and sobbed, very quietly now, "I was a naughty boy, mamma; I will do right; kiss me and give me the basket."

And while he gathered together the apples that lay upon the floor, his mamma said, in a pleased, glad voice: "I am so happy that you have chosen to do right at last. Now go directly to Mrs. Bates and tell her that you have brought her the apples you were persuaded to take from her tree; and say that you will try never again to be persuaded by any one to do an act which your heart tells you is wicked and sinful," then mamma kissed the little tear-stained face, and Harry started on his unpleasant errand. Mamma watched him all the way. It was only the next lot to theirs, and she felt every step he took as deeply as he did himself. Her heart almost stopped beating when she saw him pause as he got to the door—she feared, perhaps, he would fail at last to acknowledge his wrong. Are we all not faint-hearted and weak at such times? But no—it was only for a moment—on he went up the steps and into the house.

Presently a little bounding figure came skipping down the road, and very soon a bright, happy face shone in the doorway, and Harry cried: "O mamma, I am so glad I took them back—I feel so much better here," with the little hand upon his heart. "I will never, never do anything I know is wrong again. I told Franky they were not our apples all the time, but he said they were; and, mamma, Mrs. Bates said she saw us all the time, and she felt sorry that a big boy would make a little fellow do such a thing; and then I told her I was naughty, too, as well as Franky, or I wouldn't have let him persuade me; and I told her I was sorry, and I would never do such a thing again; and she kissed me and said she didn't believe I ever would; and now, mamma, will you kiss me, and do you forgive me?"

"Yes, my darling," answered mamma, "I forgive you with all my heart; and I hope now you will ask God to forgive you, too—He saw you commit the sin, and He wants you to ask His pardon."

And when little Harry said his prayers that night, he asked that he might never again be tempted to a deed which he knew in his heart was

a sin. And he never to this day eats an apple that he is not reminded of the little taste of experience he had through gathering one apron full of some bitter apples!

HISTORY OF A CAT.

BY NELLIE NYE.

SHE was of a beautiful Maltese color, with the softest, silkiest fur a cat ever wore. Her paws were shaded out to the most delicate tint, and she had such cunning ears. But I must tell how they happened to be so small and funny. She belonged to a poor family living near, and, moving away, they left her, then only a little kitten, locked in the house, in mid-winter, and it was fearfully cold. Her ears froze, so that about one-half of them came off. After being there several days, and, of course, nearly famished, her cries attracted the attention of a boy passing the house. He got her and brought her to our house. She soon appeared to be satisfied with her new home, and seemed to appreciate fully the kindness shown her. She soon began to show signs of intelligence, by learning to open the doors wherever there was a latch and let herself in.

On one occasion, when the writer of this was busy in the kitchen cooking, Kitty opened the outside door and came in. Not wishing to be disturbed or have her in the room then, I put her out and fastened the door. When she found she could not open it, she went to a door opening into a back kitchen, opened it, came to the door which communicated with the room where I was, opened that and came in. Thinking to show her *who* was mistress of the house, I put her out the second time, and fastened that door. As soon as possible, after ascertaining the situation of things, she went into the cellar by the hatchway door, which was open, came up the stairs, opened the cellar door, and walked in, as much as to say, "Here I am again. What are you going to do now?" Miss Puss remained in the house.

Who will say a cat has no reasoning faculties, after such an illustration?

Well, as time went on, and she grew up to cat-hood, she was very proud one day to exhibit her family of four splendid kits. Oh, she was the proudest mother I ever saw! Of course she was petted more than ever, and we tried to make her understand she was the most wonderful cat in existence.

After awhile an Irish family, living about forty rods from our house, wanted the kittens, so we gave them to them, and loaned Mrs. Puss until the kittens were capable of caring for themselves. But every morning, noon and night found her here for her meals. At first we supposed she had abandoned her family; but, on watching her, we discovered as soon as she finished her meal she went back to her post of duty. Not a mouthful of Irish food could she be induced to eat, though they tried their best to tempt her. We were flattered by her preference, of course, and fed her accordingly.

One day, when the kittens were large enough to walk some, I was standing by the window looking in the direction of her new home, when my

attention was attracted to something moving in the road. I soon became convinced it was our cat, but she acted so queer, would go a little way and then stop a few minutes, then on again. When near enough for me to see, I found she had her family with her, and was taking them home. She came the shortest route across the garden, and the poor little things were "as tired as tired could be." I went out and brought them in for her, and if ever a dumb creature expressed satisfaction, I am sure she did.

Two members of the family were making a bed-quilt, and for the convenience of arranging the blocks they had placed them on the floor. Kitty seemed to think it a nice carpet, expressly for her use, so she put her babies right on it and got them to sleep. Her family were permitted to stay with her after such an exhibition of maternal love and care.

A few months after this, a friend living four miles away wished to borrow her to kill the mice in his barn. She was a famous mouser withal. We let him take her and her darlings, determined they should not be separated. After about a week, during which time she fully sustained her reputation as mouse-killer, she disappeared, leaving the kittens. Search was made, and it was decided she had been killed by a neighbor.

A year after, my sister and myself were visiting a friend in town. When in the afternoon a cat came into the parlor, we both exclaimed: "There is our old cat!" And in endeavoring to prove her identity, we mentioned the habit of opening doors.

The lady said: "That was the first thing she did here. One evening she opened the door and came in."

She had, doubtless, started to come home, came in the right direction a part of the way, and then got lost. Her new friends had become so much attached to her, that we left her there. This was the last I ever heard of her.

TO THE BIRDS.

BY G. M. B.

SEE the little birds on high,
How their wings wave in the sky,
Small, brown sparrow, snow-white dove,
All the birds we children love;
Let us beckon them to come—
Come, birdies, come, come—
Sparrow, Robin, Bluebird, come!

A BIRD'S WING.—There are few things in nature more admirably constructed than the wing of the bird, and perhaps none where design can be more readily traced. Its great strength and extreme lightness, the manner in which it closes up or folds during flexion and opens out or expands during extension, as well as the manner in which the feathers are strung together and overlap each other in divers directions, to produce at one time a solid resisting surface, and at another an interrupted and comparatively non-resisting one, present a degree of fitness to which the mind must necessarily revert with pleasure.

Evenings with the Poets.

THE MIRACLE.

BY HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN.

[The following is the latest poem by Hans Christian Andersen. The translation is by Miss Adamine Sindberg, of Boston.]

FROM a pyramid in the desert's sand
A mummy was brought to Denmark's land—
The hieroglyphic inscriptions told
That the body embalmed was three thousand years old.

It was the corpse of a mighty queen,
Examining it, they found between

Her closed fingers a corn of wheat;
So well preserved was this little seed,

That, being sown, it put forth its blade,
Its delicate stem of a light-green shade.

The ear got filled with ripening corn,
Full-grown through sunshine and light of the morn.

That wonderful power in a corn so small—
It is a lesson to each and all.

Three thousand years did not quench its germ—
It teaches our faith to be strong and firm.

When such a life is laid in a corn,
When out of that husk a new plant could be born

To ripen in sunshine and dew from the sky,
Then human soul, thou spark from on high,

Thou art immortal as thy great Sire
Whose praise is sung by the angel choir!

The husk, the body, is buried deep,
And friends will go to the tomb and weep;

But thou shalt move on, on wings so free—
For thine is the life of eternity.

That wonderful power of so small a seed—
The miracle seen in that corn of wheat,

It puzzles the mind; but still it is done
By the Author of Life, the Eternal One.

THE RHODORA.

BY RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

[Lines on being asked, whence is the flower?]

IN May, when sea winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook:
The purple petals fallen in the pool,
Made the black waters with their beauty gay.
Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the marsh and sky,
Dear, tell them, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being.
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew,
But in my simple ignorance supposed
The self-same power that brought me there brought
you.

MARGURITE.

BY GEORGE KLINGLE.

HER name is only Margurite;
A prouder name the winds repeat,
The wild brook babbles at her feet,
The leaves are whispering in her ear;
She stays her breath the name to hear,
Bends lower to the lace she weaves
To catch the whisper of the leaves;
But she is only Margurite.
What that the lips no more repeat—
No more repeat in whispered word—
The music that her heart hath heard?
What that with every lifted latch,
With every sound beneath the thatch,
She starts to find the coming feet
No message bear for Margurite?
A simple cottage maiden she—
A little maid of low degree—
A scion of noble line is he;
Then, though with tender, saddened face,
She bends in silence to her lace,
The witchery of the wild-woods gone,
The witchery of the free-bird's song,
What matter? He hath quite forgot
That Margurite forgetteth not.

Christian Union.

THE HAPPY VILLAGE.

BY KANE O'DONNELL.

AS often I pass the roadside,
When wearily falls the day,
I turn to look from the hill-top
At the mountains far away.

The red sun through the forests
Throws hither his parting beams,
And far in the quiet valley
The happy village gleams.

There the lamp is lit in the cottage
As the husbandman's labors cease,
And I think that all things are gathered
And folded in twilight peace.

But the sound of merry voices
Is heard in the village street,
While pleased the grandame watches
The play of the little feet.

And at night to many a fireside
The rosy children come;
To tales of the bright-eyed fairies
They listen and are dumb.

There seems it a joy forever
To labor and to learn,
For love with an eye of magic
Is patient to discern.

And the father blesses the mother,
And the children bless the sire,
And the cheer and joy of the hearthstone
Is as light from an altar fire.

Oh, flowers of rarest beauty
In that green valley grow;
And whether 'twere earth or heaven
Why shouldst thou care to know?

Save that thy brow is troubled,
And dim is thy helpmate's eye;
And graves are green in the valley,
And stars are bright in the sky.

Scribner for May.

The Home Circle.

PANSIES.

BY LICHEN.

"There's pansies, that's for thoughts."—HAMLET.

FAST enough they come, as I gaze upon the rich, purple, pressed flowers, looking up at me with their golden eyes, from the open letter before me, in which they have travelled a thousand miles with their message of love. Thoughts of a little cottage home, embowered in evergreen trees, under southern skies. Orange blossoms and jessamine sending out perfume on the soft spring air; pale yellow honeysuckle climbing over the shaded porch. A tiny girl with curls of red gold clustering around her head, and eyes blue as the spring skies; her chubby arms clasped about my neck, and the baby voice lisping, "I love 'oo," as I catch her to me in merry frolic, and carry her up and down the porch, while she pulls my curls with her plump, dimpled fingers. Or playing in the white clover beds until tired, she comes to me where I sit with my book in the bower of Lady Banks roses, and with her little white sunbonnet in hand, and the golden hair blowing over her face, throws herself at my feet and talks her sweet, childish prattle. Then my thoughts span a bridge of years, and the tiny child is a maiden, standing

"where the brook and river meet;"

cheeks ablom, heart aglow with the enjoyment of youth and the hopes of the life just opening before her. A sweet picture she makes to the mind's eye—one that I linger over lovingly. It is her hands that have gathered these pansies, and sent them as a little love token, but she has no idea of the thoughts they awaken. She cannot remember the face now looking at them, but she loves it nevertheless, as we love so many whom we never see. Still thinking on, I am wondering if we ever will see each other's faces again—if she will stand at the gate some day to welcome me, as she used to when a little child.

And other thoughts the pansies bring me, of far different scenes. Of a gentle, delicate boy, whose little figure used to slip so quietly into my sick room, in the days when I was unable to leave my couch at all, and lay a tiny bunch of these flowers and a geranium leaf or two, tied with a narrow ribbon, in my hand. How his large, soft, brown eyes would light up, as I told him some story of the times when the fairies lived in the flower-cups, and stepped out of them at night, to dance on the green sward in the summer moonlight. Sometimes his little sister would come with him—merry bright-eyed Lu, and then there would be a pleasant rivalry between them as to which should give me their bunch of flowers first, and deliver their mamma's message. When we left the place where they lived, I pressed his little bouquet on one of the pages of a blank book, wherein I copy choice passages from books I read, or poems I particularly like, and there they are yet; faded some, but with color enough to tell very plainly what they are.

I never thought this flower was rightly named. It seems to me that, whenever possible, flowers should receive names suited to, or suggestive of something in their looks or character, and this one should surely be called "bright eyes." "Johnnie-jump-up" does very well for the little ones or the same species, which pop up their heads from under the leaves of such very small bushes, and stand as straight and confidently as any tall flag, or lily. I remember a mound of them mingled with many colored petunias, which encircled a young cedar tree in my childhood's home. And there thought leads me off swiftly on another track. That beautiful home spot! The large grassy yard with its gravel walks and flower-beds, and great clover patches; its rose-bushes and other large shrubs, dotted around between the trees. The row of maples shading the side of the house and reaching away to the back gate. The snow-ball under the parlor windows, almost bending to the earth with its white burden; the spreading acacia by the front steps, so lovely every spring, covered with clusters of pink blossoms. The greville rose reaching long branches wreathed with variegated bloom into the catalpa tree. Coral honeysuckles climbing over the lattice and up the wall to our bed-room window, where in the closely interwoven branches the brown sparrows build their nests. Then the large circle with the great, sweet rose-bush in the centre, and its outer border filled with small shrubs and annuals. Pinks, butter-cups, tulips, pansies and jonquils, white phlox, amaranth and flowering almond, and the old-fashioned lady-slippers and four-o'clocks, which all children love. How I loved to work amongst them every spring, planting and transplanting, hoeing and weeding, with my sunbonnet hanging at the back of my neck, and the wind and sun having a fair chance at my face. Near by was a small peach-tree, which was called mine, whose lower branches formed a comfortable seat where I used to rest after my garden work, and read my story-books. A little farther on was an apple-tree with a bench under it, where we used to play with our dolls, or keep store with little scraps of calico and domestic, folded in piles, which were sold for round pieces of white paper representing money. I dream of those spots yet, although it seems so many years since I have seen them with waking eyes. Some of my happiest memories cluster around them.

And so, sweet maiden, you see what pleasure your little flowers have given, all unthought of by you. It is just so, that many a pleasure may be given to others by an act so small and simple in itself, that we often think it scarce worth doing. Take the flowers for teachers, and they will lead you to many an act which will bear sweet fruit. May you ever have sweet thoughts at your command, which, like the pansies, shall brighten and beautify the spot where they bloom.

MY GIRLS AND I.

BY CHATTY BROOKS.

SECOND SERIES.—No. 6.

THESE girls! these girls! Tuddie and Midget and Kitty have been measuring me with the tape-line, and they report, height five feet three inches, waist measure thirty inches, and the length of the hair fifty-one inches. And then comes the teasing and the pleading of, "O Aunt Chatty, now do please let us put your hair all up in curl to-morrow night, and then let it down on Sunday morning, just to s'prise the girls at church who have such a scant little fluffy bit themselves."

Kitty says: "Auntie, you will look very grand, you little, plump dear, with such a nest of curls as we'd make out of this heap of long hair."

I say: "Oh, I'll look like a little dumpty woolly dog!" But they hang about my chair, and pat my cheeks, and coax, until, just to please them, I tell them they may put it up in curl.

Monday, A. M.—I am glad that I did let the children curl my hair, because now I have something new to tell you. When I sat down in the low chair, they divided my hair in three parts, and each child went to work. I was reading, and paid no attention; but I was wishing that I'd never consented to such a foolish thing as that I, Chatty Brooks, widow, aged thirty-five, was going to wear her hair in curls.

After they were through they brought the glass, and I looked into it, expecting to see a fright. But what was my surprise to see the hair put up in a very becoming manner, different from any style I had ever seen before, and it was as comfortable as the way I usually wore it—a loose coil at the back of my head. At night when I lay on my pillow there was none of the inconvenience that one experiences in the usual way of putting up curls on tin, or paper, or cloth, with pins to fasten with.

Eleanor Lisle had given the girls her patent rubber curlers to use, and they are a very fine invention. I wish all you girl-readers of the HOME had them; you would be delighted, and could curl your hair, even though it were the stubborn, straight kind that never submitted to curl before.

I do believe I'll have to tell you, so you can buy some. Well, write to me with stamp enclosed; address, "Mrs. Chatty Brooks, Perryville, Ohio, box 64."

Nothing would do for the girls but that I must go down to Peterson's gallery and have some pictures taken while I was fixed up with curls. I had promised George Nelson's brother Levi to send him one and one to Mother Brooks.

"Can't you put on a smile, Mrs. Brooks?" said the artist. "Your expression is indicative of sadness."

Now we all know if we sit for a picture, and simper, and smile, and try to look pretty, that the picture will grow into an annoyance and a vexation after awhile. We become so tired of that vapid smile, that senseless grin that greets us every time we look upon the poor counterfeit. The sun will tell the truth, his light will ferret out the falsity of the smile, and, in time, we will grow

ashamed of the poor superficial shadow of our own selves.

Wednesday.—We were discussing the subject of kissing to-day. It came about in this way: one of the girls has not been at home for over six months, her mother resides in another State, and yesterday two men from her own neighborhood, one an elderly man and the other young, called to see her. She did not know they were in Mill-wood until, on opening the door in answer to the bell, she stood face to face with them. She is a very impulsive girl, and, without thinking whether it was proper or not, she kissed them both.

I told her I wished she had not done so, but she said they were both old school-mates, and she had always known them, Jack and Will Mulligan, and it did not seem wrong to her.

Perhaps it was right, there is a doubt about it, when surely it would have been right had she not kissed them at all. A maiden should be very chary of her kisses, she knows not what such a kindly-given, generously-expressed token of good will may hold in store for her; and then I told the girls a little story of a dear friend of mine, a recital that makes my heart ache whenever I think about it.

It was told me in confidence, but telling it now will wrong no one, for the daisies make starry the green sod above the white face that was wet with tears when the poor girl confided to me her sad story.

My friend was attending a select school and fitting herself for a teacher. At this time she was about nineteen years old, frank, candid, impulsive, positive and not used to the ways of the world. In a neighboring village resided a lawyer, unmarried, unscrupulous, cold, unsympathizing, cynical and bearing the character of a bad man. On her way to school one summer morning, she met him. He had been at a lawsuit that lasted all night; probably he had been drinking. They were not acquainted, their paths never crossed each other, there was no sympathy, or congeniality, or bond between them. An incarnate devil must have possessed this man. He reined up his horse when he met her, and, touching his hat politely, he said—not in this poor, broken, Chatty-Brooks' language, but in that of a strong man, eloquent—that he had always heard her name spoken of as the synonym of purity, beauty, virtue, grace, sincerity, generosity and all the charming characteristics of a beautiful and excellent womanhood. Of himself, the world judged harshly; it called him hard names; and with the ban resting upon him, what did life hold that was worth the striving for. Then he drew eloquent pictures of his future, surrounded by all that makes life desirable; then of his own, bleak, desolate, despairing, hunted down, belied, despised, misconstrued, misunderstood, tortured, friendless.

The impressive young girl listened, awed by his power of eloquence and touched by the specious tale of wrong and woe, and before she was aware, the tears ran down her cheeks. So strong is the magic of eloquence.

Then he said: "Without speaking a word even,

you can do me good, and I can go home happier than I have been for long years. Lay a kiss on my poor face, like an angel of light, bless me, and let me carry one sweet remembrance down to my lonely, unwept grave. That is all I ask."

She drew back, hesitated and blushed, and started on, but the wily lawyer was eager to see if his eloquence *could* prevail that was all he cared for; and in a voice modulated and tremulous with unshed tears of emotion, he dwelt upon his utter loneliness and lack of friends, and, the young girl cradled in a loving mother's holiest affection and knowing nothing only to believe and have faith in all, bravely and resolutely stepped up to the poor ingrate with a blushing countenance and put up her fair face nervously, and the fiend bent down from his seat in the saddle, and she kissed him. She did it honestly, and so wrought upon were her feelings of pity, and charity, and sympathy, that she would have done it with the same freedom on the streets of a city or in the crowded aisle of a church.

He thanked her with a show of civility, and sincerity, and manliness, and putting spur to his horse, he rode on.

"Mephistopheles" was the name that came to me when my dear friend told me this pitiful story.

She said she regretted the act sometimes, and then again, when she thought that she had perhaps helped, and cheered, and done him good, she was satisfied. One time, in the course of a year, she met him again, and he seemed inclined to be friendly and familiar, but she only bowed to him.

When my friend was about twenty-three years of age, she was betrothed to a young merchant, and the day was fixed for the wedding, but her lover grew cold and distant, and finally sought to be relieved from his pledge. When she inquired the reason, he stammered, and with faulty speech informed her that he did not choose to marry a woman who had been an intimate friend of —, the lawyer, whom she had kissed.

The poor girl's sorrow was intense, but her pride held her up. She told the correct story to her betrothed, yet his mind was poisoned, and he questioned and doubted. Then it were better that they should part forever, and they did.

But this was not all of it. One time she was a witness in a suit in court, and a question was put by a lawyer, in cross-examination, which brought to the surface that remorseful kiss, and it was used against her character. I could cry yet while I write this, and it happened long ago, and the grave has closed over the dear girl, who carried her sorrow with her all through the rest of her poor blighted life.

Thinking of all this, it was no wonder that I cautioned my dear little flock about indiscriminate kissing. I told them to confine this kind of demonstration to their own immediate families and girl friends. We have all heard enough of the folly and absurdity and wickedness of promiscuous kissing within the present year. It has been very disgusting, and has brought into disgrace fair names that else would have had no stain upon them. Why I was so shocked that I resolved I

wouldn't even kiss my dear dead husband's brother Levi ever again. It is silly, and weak, and sinful, and wicked, and is not far from the limits of modesty and purity.

But Margie calls us to tea just while we are talking on this subject. We are experimenting in making biscuit. One girl makes one time, and another the next, and another the next, each trying to excel the rest. My girls are all good cooks, and we are learning each other's ways and methods of doing all kinds of work, both in the culinary and housekeepers' department.

GIVE THE MONEY TO YOUR WIVES.

THERE is one subject upon which I think most men agree; and that is, that they can buy any article of dress or ornament to suit their wives, better than said wives can for themselves. This mistaken idea generally is indulged in by the kindest and best of husbands. Thus, Mr. Goodman, country merchant, when he returns with his spring goods, brings with him a bonnet, which the city milliner has assured is just the one suited to his wife's style, and which he fully believes will be the envy and admiration of Starville. Well, Mrs. Goodman knows that it is not becoming to her, that the very stylishness of the hat makes her whole attire look shabby, and knows that the price of it would have covered the expense of a bonnet for her and hats for her little girls, at the village milliner's, which would have suited her much better. But with wifely affection, knowing the kindness that prompted the purchase, she conceals all of this and wears her old bonnet to save the new one as often as she can.

In like manner, Farmer Day, after selling his produce of the season at a much higher figure than he expected, remembers the good wife at home and resolves that she shall have a shawl. Man-like he thinks the highest priced is the best, and, as he has heard his wife admire Mrs. Ray's brocha shawl, one at twenty dollars is purchased for Mrs. Day. Well, it was kind, she says, and of course is delighted, while in her heart she knows that for ten dollars she could have suited herself far better and had the extra ten for so many things.

So I often think, when I see the wife really worried with a gift that ought to be a pleasure to her, how much better to give her the money and let her suit herself.

MONA.

"Valley Home," May 6th, 1875.

FRIEND "PIPSEY:" From a quiet country home, I feel like writing to you, *my friend*. I feel that you are a friend of the human family, coming bravely forth to meet the evils of the day; giving your opinions fearlessly; helping the weak to rise, strengthening the strong in their good purpose! Your wisdom and experience are invaluable! Thank you for permitting others to profit by them. I have learned to love you, and look for you each month with your words of cheerful advice and sweet love for the little ones. I, too, love the little "darlings," although our home echoes no longer to the sound of tiny footfalls,

Not that we have never had them, but they have grown from babyhood, and are almost ready to go forth and do the battles of life for themselves. So it must naturally be; we cannot guard them always; but hopefully, prayerfully, we must watch their future, trusting the good seeds we have endeavored to sow in their young minds may not be fruitless.

We mothers particularly need encouragement and wisdom to enable us to do our duty. In this day of extravagance in dress, 'tis a difficult matter to regulate the wants to the means. And how much could be said of the evils attending the course of youth. The importance of sound moral principles is not fully realized in our day. The hours that are spent in the adornment of the person, the vitality employed to have every article in the "latest style," is almost incredible. We that realize the effect on our children and our neighbors' children, tremble for the future. The kind hands, willing to smooth the sufferer's pillow, attend to the claims of childhood and imbecility, are preferable to the soft, lily hands of selfishness and pride.

I have long wanted to write to Mr. Arthur, and through him thank you, and many more of his contributors, for their living interest manifest to the readers of his magazine. "Lichen," in her quiet nook, looking so bravely into her path wherein lameness "has fallen," teaching us patience and resignation by her sweet fortitude. "Chatty Brooks" makes me think of the busy hen with her brood around her, hopeful and pleasant, turning life into a pleasure-boat, where all must row to keep afloat. We need a "Deborah Norman" spirit amongst us, for the evils of

King Alcohol are manifest to a greater extent than usual.

If the mothers, years ago, had fully agreed with some of your ideas, how many heartaches the little ones would have missed! How many more of their rights and privileges would they have enjoyed, and how much better would they in turn have been fitted to become wives and mothers! In this life of incompleteness we cannot expect perfection, but we can aim high, and society is being prepared for woman to take a higher position than was once considered her privilege, making it so much more her duty to cultivate her mind and that of her children to fill the new era.

I am all unused to writing to strangers, but wanted so much to know your true, living self; wanted you to know there was at least one more added to the number of those whom you have strengthened. Many an hour has been brightened by your words speaking from the quiet pages of the magazine, which has been a welcome member of our family for almost twenty years, and within the last two years is more valuable to me than ever before. I never read a number without feeling better for it, if it is only seeing through some other person's eyes the duties of the day. The article in March number, entitled, "Concerning Women," particularly claims my attention. I rejoice with the writer in the coming "millennium," when woman shall be valued for her goodness and usefulness.

Again let me thank you all, "Pipsey," "Lichen" and "Chatty," for many profitable suggestions and pleasant hours of reading.

Yours truly,

AUNT HOPEFUL.

Floral Department.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT GARDENING.

BY CHARITY L. MABBETT.

CHAPTER XV.

TRANSPLANTING.

THE general transplanting season must be, in all cases, when danger of frosts are over in that particular locality. If it cannot all be done at one time, which is hardly to be expected, advantage must be taken of the most suitable times for the tenderest plants. "After a rain," is the old maxim, and for cabbages and the like, grown out of doors, will do very well, as the chances are they will live any way. But some soils will pack very tight and become hard by baking in the sun, if stirred and pressed firm enough to support a newly-set plant whilst very wet. In soils somewhat clayey, I have been obliged to lift a plant thus set fairly out of the earth, in order to loosen the ball from the roots, breaking them more or less in the operation. Asters set in this way I have always found more likely to suffer from lice at the root; it may be because it takes the roots so long to find their way into loose, well-aired soil. It seems to me as

necessary that the plant should be in proper condition for planting as that the earth should be for receiving it, and if the two cannot be in that state at one time, give the plant the "benefit of the doubt," and trust for the earth to acquire it.

When plants have been transplanted once or twice, and are well used to the sun and air, it will hardly be necessary to shade them at all when set in the border, especially if it is done when they are full of moisture, and, like a well-fed child, able to wait longer for a new supply, than if disturbed in a famished condition. Under no circumstances should a plant be set in a wilted, drooping state. When it exists, as often happens with gifts, exchanges, etc., they should be wet and placed in a cool, dark cellar until they have recovered their crispness.

Such plants as depend on symmetry of growth for beauty, should not be left to themselves in this matter, but should be placed in proper and natural position, and supported until they have acquired strength to hold themselves erect. Nor will it do to leave them wholly to themselves when set in the border. A stick by their side, with a newspaper wound around it and the plant,

and tied lightly at top and bottom is a very good protection both from sun and winds. It must not, however, be wound so closely as to smother the plant, or so loosely as to sway with the wind and fret off the leaves. I have transferred to the borders in this way choice petunias, that had run up to an almost fabulous length in winter, and by cutting off the buds at top, they would send out side shoots the whole distance of their stalks, and in a little while form a pyramid of bloom, highly satisfactory, requiring no further care through the summer, if properly secured to the stake at first.

I do not like the practice of pouring water in the holes prepared for transplanting. If the ground is pressed sufficient to secure firmness, the effect is the same as in working the earth too wet with rain. Neither have I found it well to dash water on and around plants that really seem to be dying for the need of it. When it is evident that there must be, for awhile, an artificial supply of water, it is much the best way to place a flower-pot, partially imbedded, as close to the roots as it will do to dig, in such a way that the hole will be as near in the direction of the root as possible, then fill it with warm water and let it leak out gradually, to secure which I have sometimes placed a stone or loosely-fitting stick in the hole.

This method of watering will be found to answer well applied to plants requiring extra moisture, such as hydrangas, caladiums, cannas and the like. It should be affixed at the time of setting them in the ground. Any article of crockery that Jack Frost has remembered when forgotten by others, can be made available for this purpose, and helps one to look upon bottomless pitchers with more equanimity than had been supposed possible. Glass fruit-jars, with the bottom off duty, (or an old "tin" one, if anybody is so unfortunately careless of poison as to use their contents,) may be secured at top with its legitimate fastening, in such a way as to leave a little leak, and when concealed near a plant needing such aid, can be kept with water slowly draining out for a day. The top should be covered with a piece of shingle or tin, and this with a little earth, so curiosity is not excited, nor good taste offended.

A dipper gourd with a long, sharp-pointed handle, is very useful in supplying water in this way, where the arrangement need not be permanent. Make one small hole through the stalk at the small end, or several still smaller ones just around it. Cut out the blossom mark large enough to admit of pouring in the water, then this apparatus can be forced into the ground and allowed to remain till empty; or, into pots containing plants, where there is no convenience for immersing them.

It will do to give liquid manure in this way, but it must be clear, as, indeed, it always should be, however applied. This gourd is also useful for watering hanging-baskets, as it is easily kept upright by leaning it against the strings, when it will saturate them without the trouble of taking them down.

A string may be arranged at the top of the gourd, in such a manner as to be readily tied in place to a stick

or string, where it cannot in any other way be kept upright.

Arrangements of this sort are very useful where layers are made in places that would otherwise be too dry to succeed. When used for this purpose, the drip of water should be near the surface, and as near the expected rootlets as practicable.

Moss may be used to conceal the vessel containing the water, if desirable, and will help to keep the ground in a moist condition around it; judgment must be used in regard to this matter, however, as some plants are liable to "damp off" if kept too wet after being layered. The carnation in particular is apt to do this, whilst roses and shrubs in general, will not root if lacking a constant supply of moisture; in some cases this may be attained by placing a stone over the incision, but if at all exposed to direct rays of sun, the above method will be found a help, if not a necessity.

During the season of transplanting, I have found it convenient to have a vessel of strong tobacco tea in readiness to immerse the roots of plants known to be infested with, or subject to, root-lice; for asters, verbenas, etc., this precaution is indispensable; cabbage also is so much benefited by this treatment, that I may be excused, perhaps, for mentioning it thus "out of its sphere."

Another enemy to be guarded against at this season is the cut-worm. Some of my sorest trials in gardening have arisen from finding a choice and perhaps only plant of some desirable variety cut off by these voracious depredators, without leaving a bud or eye to keep hope alive for a moment. The only consolation in such cases is to dig for the offender. A careful search is generally successful, and you can dispatch the enemy at once, making a sort of compromise between your vindictive feelings and necessity for the rigid performance of duty, to save other plants from similar fate.

To secure plants from mishaps of this kind, I have taken various methods, but have found a strip of stiff paper pinned together at the ends to answer very well. Any paper will do, however, if folded until it will keep erect around the plant; they may be sewed together with needle and thread quite expeditiously. They should be made with reference to the size of the plant needing protection, and should be two inches or more in height above ground and one inch below, with the earth pressed closely enough to keep them from blowing away. Gray paper shows less than other colors, and will not require to be removed on account of unsightliness, as it disappears before the winds and rains in most cases by the time the worms have ceased to be troublesome.

If seeds are to be sown where the presence of these marauders is suspected, it is well to look over the ground carefully before sowing, and then fence in the portion used with paper, or anything else that will present a perpendicular barrier, at least two inches high, quite around the place planted, for the little globules of water seen in the morning on the top of a bunch of headless seedlings, is not nearly as poetical as a legitimate dewdrop.

Fashion Department.

FASHIONS FOR JUNE.

ALTHOUGH the extremely backward season has delayed in an unprecedented manner the appearance of spring costumes upon the streets, the time is now fairly reached when they can be worn. It is noticeable that the styles are far plainer than heretofore, being almost severe in character, with their uniform perpendicular lines, unrelieved by horizontal or diagonal trimming.

The polonaise with underskirt still holds its own.

The underskirt is made long at the back, while a cluster of box-plaiting gives it the proper fullness. These plaits should be caught together by several tapes underneath. The underskirt is often trimmed at the sides or front, but the full portion of the back is seldom or never decorated. The polonaise is long, sometimes draped high at the sides. The most fashionable costumes now worn, have the underskirt of some plain color, while the overskirt and basque, or polonaise, are of plaid. There is a little variety displayed in the arrangement of the materials of the dress. Sometimes

the entire overskirt and basque are plaid; again the overskirt and body of the basque are plaid, with plain sleeves; or the body is plain, and the sleeves plaid.

The camel's-hair serges, semi-thick, twilled and soft, are especially suitable for sea-side or mountain wear during the summer. They are also very serviceable, since no amount of wetting will injure them beyond the renovating influence of a warm iron.

Plaid cashmeres in high colors are popular for children and misses, and fringes and glimps to trim them may be found harmonizing with any of the colors in the material.

Hats and bonnets have so nearly approached in shape, that it now seems to be merely a matter of strings or no strings, whether we bestow upon an article of head-gear the one name or the other. They are for the most part profusely trimmed, especially about the face, with

flowers and ribbons. They are worn farther back on the head than formerly, and on the under portion of the brim, which is usually raised from the forehead, there is generally displayed a full coronet of flowers. A very pretty style for misses' wear, is the sailor hat, bound or faced with silk, with full face trimming, and trimmed with a broad sash or scarf, tied loosely and carelessly about the crown. This season's styles of hats and bonnets are noticeably larger than the last, both in crowns and brims. The crowns are for the most part made flat, but English hats, in some cases, exhibit the conical brigand shape. The brims, however, are the leading feature, their extreme width giving them much the appearance of the Mexican *sombrero*. Any style can be attained by the tasteful manipulation of these brims. Real and imitation chip are the most popular material. Undressed white, gray, brown and black are the leading colors.

New Publications.

Miscellaneous Poems. Stories for Children, The Warden's Tale and Three Eras in a Life. Printed for private circulation. Porter & Coates. Many of the poems in this volume show a cultured taste, a fine fancy and great tenderness of sentiment. The writer has evidently touched some of the lower depths in life's experience and brought up pearls of wisdom. We make a single extract:

"THE CUP OF LIFE.

"I hold with trembling hand the full, rich cup
Which God has given unto me to drink—
Such generous dole that not one added drop
Could fall within and not o'erbrim its wealth.
I would my hold were stronger, but, alas!
The strongest arm is weak indeed against
The purposes of God. Ah! blest is he
Who still can give God thanks when all the wine
Life yields is spilled, and naught is left but lees.
Couldst thou, my heart? What didst thou do but moan
When on a time a north-east wind did breathe
Upon thy calm, vexing thy life with plaints
That would have best befit a tempest storm?
But now the wind has lulled, 'tis well and wise
To search thy soul, and question of its strength,
And if again a few drops from thy cup
Are swept unto the ground, thou shalt not grieve
As if the richness of thy draught was gone.
Take time to thank thy God for what He leaves,
Faint heart, and thou wilt find the hours grow few
Wherein thou mournest over what He takes."

Spain and the Spaniards. By N. L. Thieblin. Boston: Lee & Shepard. Mr. Thieblin takes his reader with him right into the heart of that much disturbed country, whither he was sent as special correspondent of the *New York Herald*. He gives us a graphic description of the state of Spanish affairs during the recent disturbances in that country; and he fills his pages with personal experiences among the armed factions. He is a lively writer; yet beneath his brilliancy of description, there is an under-strata of carefully-collected and as carefully-sifted information. This book is for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Types and Emblems. By C. H. Spurgeon. New York: Sheldon & Co. This is a collection of Mr. Spurgeon's Sunday and Thursday evening sermons, delivered at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. These sermons, sixteen in number, are practical in their character, and possess, in an eminent degree, the special merits which belong to all that proceeds from the great English preacher's mouth. For sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

The American Temperance Cyclopædia of History, Biography, Anecdote and Illustration. By Rev. J. B. Wakeley, D.D. New York: National Temperance Society and Publication House. This is a collection of anecdotes, incidents, poetry and sentiment, all touching upon or illustrating the subject of temperance.

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